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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, LVIII

THE SKATERS *Painted by* GARI MELCHERS



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY • 1944

## Gypsy Magic

*How did the Gypsy girl know that Pamela was going on an unexpected visit—and that they would meet again, far, far away?  
Starting a new story series*

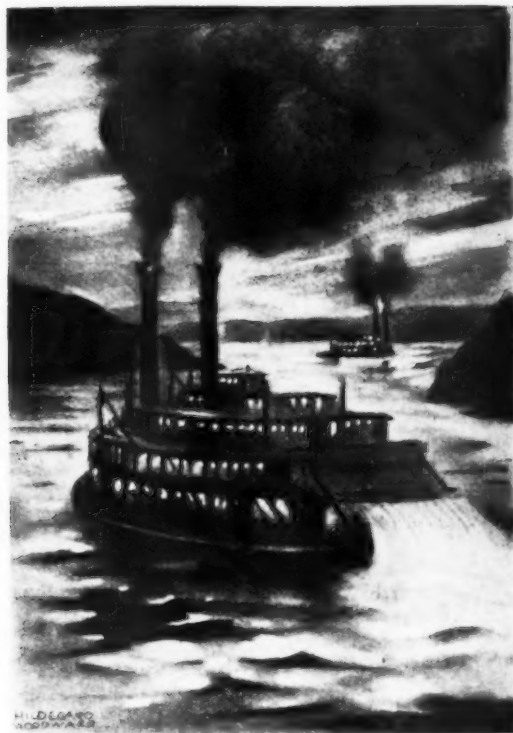
By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THERE was the jingle of a doorbell through the house. Norah was busy getting dinner, and it was Pamela who ran down the stairs, breathlessly, and threw open the door while the other six Stowe children appeared on the landings to watch. It was raining lightly outside, a cool, early June rain which put a silver light across the green of the lawns and trees.

Sheltered by the verandah two women stood, an old woman and a young woman, wearing shawls and wide skirts. Their shoes were muddied and wet, and raindrops hung in the girl's braids, but she held her head so boldly that they looked like ornaments.

"Good morning, pretty miss," the old woman said in a playful, singsong voice. "Would your mamma like to buy any baskets today, to help the poor gypsies?"

Louise, who was fifteen, a year older than Pamela, called from the stair, "I'll ask Mamma," and Pamela and the gypsies stood waiting. Pamela could hear the little *tap-tapping* of the rain drops and the deeper, slower tapping of the big drops which gathered and fell from the tips of the leaves, and the laughing gurgle of the water from the spouts. The gypsies stood at ease, their bright dark eyes seeing everything in the hall, noticing the handsome rug and the polished rail of the stair and the mirror in the carved hall rack by the door. They rearranged the baskets in their hands until the handsomest ones were all ready to show, and



WHEN THE SUSY B. CAME IN SIGHT, THE PRAIRIE BELLE'S SMOKE BECAME THICKER AND HER ENGINES VIBRATED MADLY

they had the waiting look of birds about to burst into song.

A cart with an ambling horse between its shafts and another horse tied at the tailboard drove up to the curb and waited, too. There was a stovepipe sticking from one side of the cart, with a wisp of smoke drifting from it into the rain, and a dirty little boy peered from the driver's seat where he sat between a man and a dog.

"They live in it," thought Pamela. "Oh, how I wish I might go with them!"

She had never been away from home, had never seen any town but Cincinnati where she lived, never been out of sound of the voices of her brothers and sisters. Perhaps standing there in the open door—silent, watching the gypsies—was as near to adventure as Pamela had yet come.

"Mamma says she is sorry, but she can't use any baskets," came Louise's voice behind her.

The thing like a song which had waited with the gypsy women was gone. Their eyelids lowered over their bright eyes, their silence took on a different quality, their thin shoulders shrugged under their bright, damp shawls.

Without a word they turned to go.

Pamela couldn't bear it. "I have twenty-five cents of my own," she cried. "Have you any twenty-five cent baskets?"

"Pamela!" breathed Louise, horrified.



PAMELIA WAVED AT THE GYPSY CARAVAN—AND A BROWN ARM COVERED WITH BRACELETS WAVED, TOO

The older woman went on down the steps as though she hadn't heard, but the girl turned back.

"I have a pretty little basket for you, my gay miss," she said. "Here it is, with my love, and I will take your twenty-five cents since that is all you have."

"Wait a moment," Pamela begged. "I have to get the money out of my handkerchief case."

She raced upstairs, tore open the heavy drawer of the walnut bureau in the room she shared with Louise, and found the silk and cardboard case in which her handkerchiefs lay neatly folded. There, at the bottom, was the twenty-five cent piece and, thank goodness, a ten cent piece, too, which she had forgotten. She tore down the stairs again, her face rosy with running, her copper-brown hair tossed back over her shoulders.

The gypsy girl was still waiting, while Louise watched her rather suspiciously from the shelter of the door.

"Here!" cried Pamela. "I have more than I thought!" And she thrust her money into the gypsy's brown hand.

A mocking smile lighted the girl's face, but her eyes had a friendly look and she spoke in the same playful, caressing voice which she had used from the first.

"Thank you, little heart," she said, "and a prosperous journey to you!"

"But I'm not going anywhere," stammered Pamela, while Louise giggled and the giggle was taken up by Tom, leaning over the baluster, and little Sue on the landing.

The young woman tossed her hair, braided with ribbons, back from her brown cheeks.

"I shall meet you again far from here," she said, and walked down the steps and up the street. The gypsy man chirruped to the horse and the cart followed along the curb.

Two weeks later Pamela stood beside her aunt at the rail of the *Prairie Belle*, headed for Saint Louis and Aunt's farm where she was to spend the summer. The whole thing had come to pass like a dream. She still couldn't understand how it had happened, how Aunt had come for a visit and had invited Pamela to go back with her, and Papa and Mamma had consented, and here she was.

Pamela was a town girl and she had never dreamed how enormous America was until she saw it from the decks of the *Prairie Belle*. Mile after mile stretched out before her eyes, wooded, flat, apparently uninhabited. A few birds rose from the edges of the river, but often there was no sign of life at all, in the sky, or on the water, or along the low shores. Sometimes there was smoke ahead and then they knew that they were going to meet another steamer. Once the *Prairie Belle* stopped at a wood yard to take on fuel, and sometimes they pulled in at a landing where the whole town would be lined up to watch their arrival.

On the second day, after they came to the Mississippi and turned up river, they moved more slowly, swinging past the red brick town of Cairo, and on, once more, to the long, level wastes of the uninhabited river banks.

Late in the afternoon they again saw smoke ahead of them on the river, but this time it did not approach.

"It's a steamer going our way," Pamela said. "I wonder if we'll overtake it?"

"Doesn't it seem to you that we're going faster?" Aunt asked. "The *Prairie Belle* is vibrating more—and look at the smoke stacks! Isn't there more smoke than usual?"

Pamela looked overhead where the smoke from the twin stacks curled in two revolving lengths above their heads. It was



Illustrated by  
HILDEGARD WOODWARD

beautiful to see the billowing, twisting folds of smoke, now white, now gray, now almost purple, now falling straight behind them, now drifting sideways with a flaw of wind. Certainly the smoke was thicker and darker. The *Prairie Belle* seemed to tremble and the panting sound of the engines had increased and the *slap, slap, slap* of the stern-wheel came faster. Not only did the ship seem excited, but the tension spread first to the crew and then to the passengers.

Pamelia heard singing everywhere as the deck hands hurried about. The passengers leaned at the rail, watching the smoke ahead which was growing a little clearer on the sky. On one bank they could see a small town and a landing, with bright spots of white and color which meant that people were waiting there, but the *Prairie Belle* never slowed down.

"Aren't we going to stop?" Aunt asked a passing steward.

"No, ma'am, can't stop for no no-count landin' when we's got the *Susy B.* to beat," he answered grinning.

"How do you know it's the *Susy B.*?" Aunt asked.

"Pilot, he kin tell, ma'am. Knows every steamer on de river. This yere *Susy B.*'s comin' up from New Orleans to Saint Louis and we sure aim to show her our backwash as we come in to town!"

The steward's face was alight with excitement. The dangerous, swirling brown river, the low, scarcely varying shores were to him nothing but a race track where the two rival vessels might compete before the eyes of everyone living along the banks. Saint Louis would furnish a wonderful grandstand finish.

Pamelia felt the excitement. She spent hours glued to the rail, and could hardly bear to go in to supper. Aunt, of course,

felt the same way. They both ate very little and ate it rather quickly, and in no time were back in the sunset watching the smoke of the *Susy B.*, which seemed very near them across a bend of land where the river made a sharp curve. As darkness came on, the scene became wilder and wilder. The sky darkened and a waning moon rose out of the east with the aimless, rather evil look which a waning moon has. Overhead sparks twisted and swirled in the ropes of smoke which made two ridges of darkness against the stars. Ahead of them, they could see the lighted decks of the *Susy B.* and the glow of her smoke, also, as she raced before them, stubbornly breasting the onrush of the river.

"We'll get her!" the mate told Aunt as he passed by. "Alf Lemming is the best pilot on the river. He'll cut corners the *Susy B.* won't even know about."

"But isn't that dangerous?" Aunt asked rather anxiously.

"Bless you, no," the mate's voice was hearty. "The danger's in some old scow poking along with the pilot half asleep. But during a race everyone's on his toes, a pilot's at his best. They never run into a sandbank then, ma'am."

"But don't the steamboats sometimes catch on fire?"

"Maybe they used to once in a while, throwing hams into the wood box, or fastening down the steam-valve to increase the pressure. But those things aren't allowed nowadays. It's years since I've heard of a boiler bursting—two years, anyhow. You're as safe as if you were home in your own beds." He went off whistling.

The moon rose higher and higher, drawing clouds about it as though it had good reason to hide. (Continued on page 23)



# Jewels for Queens ~ and Kings, Too



**M**AN, and more especially woman, has always been fascinated by bright pebbles. The biggest and brightest of these have proved so irresistible that many have staked their fortunes, committed daring crimes, and forfeited their lives to gain possession of them.

Although gems have few uses other than for ornament, they are among the most coveted objects on earth. Also, they are among the least destructible. A jewel mined hundreds of years ago is as fresh and gleaming as one dug up yesterday. Often a stone, re-cut and worn in a modern setting, has had some glamorous and long forgotten past. The windows of the neighborhood jewelry store may hold a glittering fragment once associated with historic events and famous personages.

A few of these storied gems are known to be locked away in vaults, but down through the ages hundreds have vanished completely, probably to appear again unrecognized, with both their shapes and their settings entirely changed.

There was one celebrated jewel, however, which disappeared in a much more spectacular manner, if we are to believe the tales that have been handed down from ancient Egypt. It was one of a pair of perfect pearl pendants belonging to Queen Cleopatra.

When Mark Antony summoned the African queen to meet him at Tarsus in Asia Minor, after the death of Caesar, she did everything possible to impress him with her wealth and power. She traveled in a magnificent bark, its prow adorned with gold and its oars plated with silver. The sails were of royal purple and the craft was perfumed with rare Arabian gums. She invited the Roman to exotic banquets, but feeling that these were not sufficiently impressive she made a wildly extravagant wager. She told Antony that she alone would eat a meal costing ten million *sesterces* (in that day about twenty-five thousand dollars). The Roman refused to believe her.

The following day, the Queen invited Antony and his generals to an especially elaborate feast. Rich as it was in rare foods, they doubted that the promised sum could have been spent in its preparation. They asked to see the accounts.

"Ah, you find the banquet poor," exclaimed Cleopatra, "but what you have eaten was nothing more than a preliminary, a dinner as simple as that served by one of my courtiers. Supper, I promise you, will cost the sum of the wager, and I alone shall eat the ten million *sesterces*."

Antony still did not credit her boast. When they sat down to the second meal, Cleopatra was splendidly garbed in jeweled robes and wore a magnificent pair of earrings, each a perfect pear-shaped pearl.

In the course of the supper, Antony noticed that a soup smelling strongly of vinegar was set before the queen. As she was about to sip it, he was astounded to see her remove one of the pearls and place it in the vinegar. When it had dissolved, she took the cup and drank the liquid to the last drop.

Cleopatra was on the point of repeating this with the other pendant when one of the Roman generals, judging she had won, snatched the pearl from her hand and declared Antony the loser of the wager.

—which is still talked about today.

*Dark deeds have been done to gain possession of some of the world's famous jewels—their histories are like an Arabian Night's tale*

By LUCILE SAUNDERS McDONALD

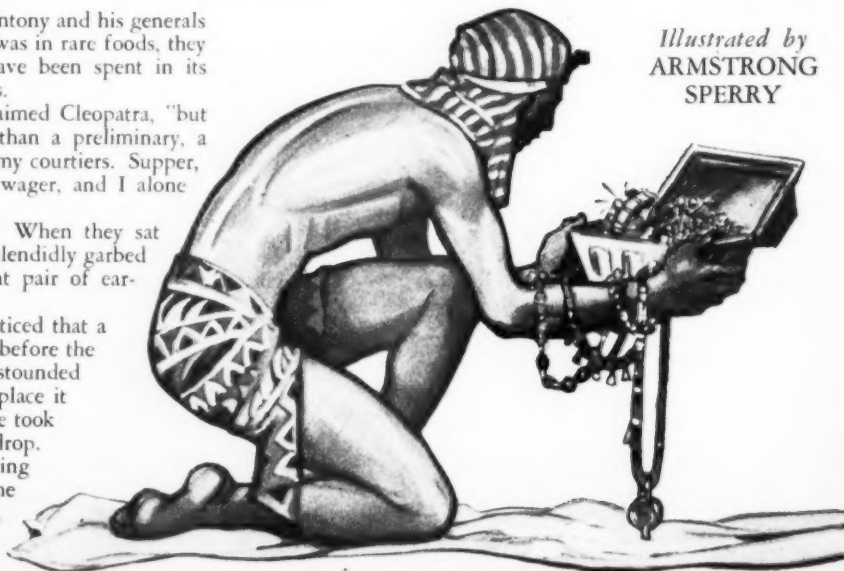
Some time later another rare gem played a part in the story of Antony and Cleopatra. A Roman senator, Nonius, owned an opal which, though smaller than a hazelnut, was valued at almost a million dollars. Antony, thinking that here was a stone worthy of the Egyptian queen's lavish taste, tried to buy the gem from Nonius. The senator refused to part with it at any price. There-

life and Nonius was forced to flee into exile, carrying with him the jewel that had cost his citizenship.

It was not at that time astonishing that Antony regarded jewels worth such extreme measures. In the days of the Roman empire men and women went mad over precious stones, even to the extent of adorning their sandals with them so that they literally walked on jewels. Women wore their gems to bed, so that they might feel and own them in their dreams. When a certain empress appeared in public, she was decked with alternate layers of pearls and emeralds, from the wreath in her hair to the soles of her feet.

Not all the gems of early times were stones which would be considered of great value to-day. Beauties of the ancient world were content with weighty necklaces of polished jasper, rock crystal, agate, and amethyst. Chaldean queens adored lapis lazuli, and it went with them to their graves; the favorite of the Egyptians was turquoise, brought from the mines of Sinai six thousand years before Christ.

We know this because of the bracelets of Queen Zer, the oldest pieces of wrought jewelry in the world. When this ancient queen of the Nile Valley died, her subjects placed with her the jewels she had delighted to wear, so that she might enjoy them in the afterlife. They fastened her favorite golden ornaments set with carnelian, crystal, amethyst, turquoise, and scrolls of bright blue enamel, each in place as she had worn it. Then



Illustrated by  
ARMSTRONG  
SPERRY



they wrapped her body in aromatic bandages and laid her beside the king, her husband, in the Valley of the Royal Tombs at Abydos.

Centuries passed, and for a time the tombs remained sacred. But the Egyptians knew they contained objects of great value and, as one dynasty succeeded another, thieves entered the vaults, stripped the bandages from the mummies, and removed their ornaments. One ruthless thief seized an arm of Queen Zer, tore it from the mummy, and started away—but catching sight of more attractive loot, he laid the arm in a niche in the broken wall of the tomb and forgot to take it when he made off with his plunder.

Later generations of Egyptians rebuilt the tomb and erected a temple around it. Meanwhile the arm of Queen Zer lay undisturbed in the niche.

In the sixth century, the tombs and the temple were destroyed and only jackals and lizards visited the spot. Still the queen's arm lay in the niche. Stones fell around it and sands drifted near, as the ages passed, but the arm was neither covered nor harmed.

Then, about 1900, Sir Flinders Petrie, the English Egyptologist, explored the tomb. One of the workmen, clearing rubbish from the place, saw Queen Zer's arm in the niche where it had been lying eight thousand years. The explorers carefully unwound the bandages. They saw a flash of color, the clear bright blue of turquoise, and then the jewels were exposed—four bracelets made by ancient craftsmen. One was held together with gold wire braided with the hair of an ox's tail; in another, the beads were shaped like the seed pods of a desert plant; and a third had plaques surmounted with the royal hawk. But in every one there was turquoise, for this was the priceless and beloved stone of queens in that ancient day.

Long ago a bright, opaque stone, such as lapis lazuli or turquoise, was more showy than a precious gem crystal because the art of cutting hard jewels had not yet been developed. The most famous gems of Oriental potentates, only a few hundred years ago, would look dull and uninteresting to us now because their settings were flat and their surfaces were rounded. Much of the beauty of these crystals was not discovered until the gem cutters of Amsterdam perfected the art of cleaving them in facets which

caught and reflected light. Some of the greatest diamonds of history have been completely transformed in the hands of gem cutters.

There is a stone in the royal crown of Great Britain, the *Koh-i-noor*, whose origin is shrouded in Oriental mystery partly because of this. The *Koh-i-noor* came from the once rich mines of Golconda, in India, and it is thought to be one or the other of two glamorous stones first known to the European world after the Portuguese discovered the trade route to India.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, an emir in the service of the King of Golconda acquired great wealth in the mines and his diamonds could be counted by the sackful. He was an aggressive general and, after quarreling with Shah Jahan, the Mogul emperor, he sent the ruler a monstrous rough diamond as a peace offering. The stone weighed seven hundred and eighty-seven and one-half carats, and was not without flaws.

A renegade Venetian lapidary was living at court, and the emperor ordered him to cut and polish the huge stone. The Venetian bungled the job and left the diamond in awkward shape, steeper on one side than on the other. Any native jeweler would have known better than to grind it, as the Venetian had done. When he finished, it was a lop-sided rosette, weighing only about two hundred and eighty carats. Shah Jahan

CLEOPATRA WAS GORGEOUSLY ROBED TO IMPRESS MARK ANTONY. SHE WORE PEARL EARRINGS—AND ONE PRICELESS PEARL SHE DISSOLVED IN VINEGAR AND DRANK FOR A WAGER



was furious when he saw the damage that had been done. He refused to pay for the work—instead he fined the lapidary ten thousand rupees, all the wealth the Venetian possessed.

Even then the stone was immense for a jewel, being about the size of a small hen's egg. It became known as the *Great Mogul* diamond, and it remained in the national treasury at Delhi until the warrior Persian, Nadir Shah, made war against the Moguls, sacked the city in 1739, and carried away caravan loads of loot to his own country. From that time on, the great diamond was never heard of again.

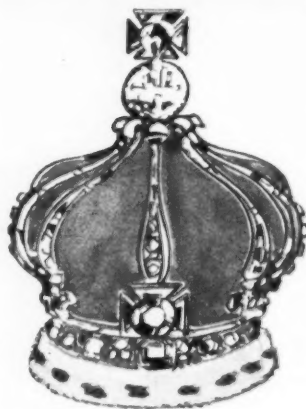
In the same period, there was another famous diamond in India called the *Sultan Baber*. Legend said it was found five thousand years earlier, and that it was "worth half the daily expense of the whole world." It belonged to a family of Indian princes; and when the Moguls conquered the land the princes offered it to the Mogul ruler, Sultan Baber, as a guarantee for the safety of their subjects and their property. This gem also was deposited in the treasury at Delhi; and when Nadir Shah made his raid, it, too, disappeared.

According to the tales that are told, when Nadir returned to Persia and examined his loot at leisure he came upon a diamond so beautiful that, at sight of it, he exclaimed, "Koh-i-noor!"—that is, "Mountain of Light." He ordered the stone to be set as one of the eyes of the bird on the famous Peacock Throne which he had also stolen from the Mogul palaces.

No one knows whether this gem was the Great Mogul, or the Sultan Baber, or some other diamond, but whatever its identity,

from the time it fell into the hands of the Persians its history was marked with cruelty and bloodshed. Nadir was murdered, and his son, the next owner, was tortured by an enemy who coveted the diamond and tried in vain to force the prince to relinquish it. The stone passed into the hands of certain Afghan rulers, none of whom managed to keep it for very long. Through trickery, the king of the Punjab finally obtained it and had it set in an armlet which he wore on state occasions.

In 1849 the British annexed the Punjab, and the board of governors of the East India Company took possession of the jewel for the purpose of presenting it to Queen Victoria. The gem was entrusted to an Amsterdam diamond cutter, who worked thirty-eight days reshaping the stone to better advantage. This task cost \$40,000. The jewel now weighs only one hundred and six carats, and to-day no expert who examines the great gem in the crown of the English sovereign can be sure which of the great mediaeval Indian stones it was whittled down from.



THE ROYAL CROWN OF GREAT BRITAIN IN WHICH IS SET THE FABLED KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND

Another of the Indian gems went to Russia and is known as the *Orloff* diamond. Some people thought it was part of the original Great Mogul, cut off by the Venetian lapidary. Where the jewel came from remains a mystery. It was first discovered set as one of the eyes in an image of Brahma, in a temple in southern India. A French soldier, disguised as a native worshipper, entered the temple and stole the stone. He sold it to an English sea captain, who carried it to London. There Prince Orloff bought it to give it to the Empress Catherine the Great.

ABOUT the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the rich mines of the Golconda region first became known to the outside world, a Portuguese gentleman joined the diamond rush. He spent every cent he owned searching for gems, but without result. When he had sold the last of his possessions to pay his workmen and had funds left for only one more day's labor, he prepared a cup of poison, intending to drink it that night. However, late on the fateful day, one of his workmen rushed to him with a splendid diamond weighing about four hundred and thirty-four carats. The exultant Portuguese hastened to Goa with his stone and disposed of it to a native gem trader.

Early in the next century, Sir Thomas Pitt came to Madras as the new British governor. He was a man of relatively modest means and, having heard that sometimes great gems were sold secretly in India, he resolved to risk his fortune on such an investment in the hope of reaping an immense profit by re-selling the stone to some European ruler.

One day a diamond merchant described to him a rare jewel for which he asked the equivalent of \$360,000. Pitt cautiously told his friends about the stone, but they advised against the purchase. "Don't meddle with it," they said. "There is no prince in Europe who can afford to buy such a gem."

But Pitt could not resist the temptation. He met the merchant from time to time and eventually haggled the price down to \$84,000. At that point the governor took the plunge and paid out the whole of his fortune for the stone—which undoubtedly was the one which had saved the Portuguese adventurer from his poison cup.

Possession of the gem did not make Pitt as happy as he had anticipated. Wars were in progress in Europe and it might be a long time before he could sell the jewel. Furthermore, he could not leave India—and still he must send the gem to a trusted agent in London. Finally he delegated his son, Robert, to carry the diamond on the long journey around the Cape of Good Hope to England. While Robert was absent, Pitt worried day and night. The ship might founder in a storm, or there might be thieves aboard. If Robert should make one misstep, or speak one careless word, the governor would be ruined.

There were no quick means of communication in those days, and months passed before Pitt's suspense ended and he learned that the diamond was safe in an iron chest in a British bank.

Arrival of the stone gave London gossips something to buzz about. The rumors which circulated nearly ruined the career of the governor of Madras, for the stories related that the gem had come into his possession as the result of theft.

Finally a purchaser was found for the diamond. The Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, agreed to buy the stone. Pitt came home from India and in person delivered the jewel at Calais! During the short journey across the English Channel, he lived in constant fear lest thieves murder him and steal the gem.

Two years were spent in cutting the stone, which became known as the *Regent* diamond. On special occasions the duke wore it as a button on his hat, then (Continued on page 27)



MARIE ANTOINETTE ONCE WORE THE REGENT DIAMOND IN AN ELABORATE BLACK HAT



"SOMEBODY'S COMING," SHE SAID  
HOPEFULLY. "PERHAPS IT'S STEVE"

*Given a perilous situation,  
a missing boy, a resource-  
ful girl, and a bright idea,  
and you have the story of—*

## MOLLY TO THE RESCUE

By NEOLA TRACY LANE

Mrs. Blake put the big lump of dough into a blue bowl and covered it with a clean cloth. Then she came over, knelt on the oak chest beside Molly and peered out. "Can't tell yet who it might be," she said. "Brown horse, looks like."

"Maybe it's Steve," said Molly hopefully.

She hadn't seen her friend, Steve Arlin, for several weeks. They had planned on riding over to see Peter and Elizabeth Saunders, but a blizzard and two successive snow storms must have kept Steve at home.

Every now and then Molly turned away from the window because the sunlight on the snow made a blinding light that hurt her eyes. Then she turned back again, to peer out at the advancing horseman.

"Is it Steve?" asked Mrs. Blake.

Her daughter shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she said. "Doesn't set his horse like Steve."

Mrs. Blake came over and looked again. "It could be Steve's father. Yes, I do believe it is. Put the coffee pot on the stove, Molly, and get out a glass of wild currant jelly. He's likely to be cold and hungry."

Molly hurried to do her mother's bidding. At least she would have word of Steve. And maybe of Peter and Elizabeth, too. And certainly of the Carters. In a few minutes came the jingle of bits as Mr. Arlin stopped at the hitching-post in front of the sod house.

Molly ran across the room and pulled open the door. "Hello, Mr. Arlin," she called. "Come on in."

"Hello, Molly! Haven't seen anything of Steve, have you?" His voice sounded worried.

"Why, no." She stood there holding open the door, not noticing the cold air that swept in about her skirts.

Mr. Arlin stamped the snow from his boots and ducked his head under the low doorway. He smelled of frost and damp wool and leather. "Howdy, Mrs. Blake. I'm out lookin' for my son, Steve."

"Sit right down there and tell us about it," said Mrs. Blake, motioning him toward a chair by the kitchen table. "I'll pour you some coffee and you tell us while you drink. Molly, pass the bread and jelly."

He took off the dark glasses, the lenses of which had been smoked over a flame to shield his eyes from the glare of sun on snow. "Steve left yestiddy mornin' and his horse come in, long about dusk, without him." His face was grave.

"Oh! Oh!" Molly caught back the questions she wanted to ask. Where was Steve heading? How cold was it last night?

MOLLY BLAKE knelt on the big chest beneath the window of the small sod house and blew her breath on the frosted pane. Forests of frost and fernlike leaves and frozen scrolls decorated the small square of glass. "Must have been pretty cold last night," she murmured.

Her mother, kneading bread on the kitchen table, nodded. "Your father said it was cold. Ice froze thick on the watering trough."

With her fingernail Molly scratched the frost off in little ribbons that curled and fell on the wide sill. Finally a small circle was cleared. She put her eyes to the peephole and looked out across the dazzling Nebraska prairie. The snow stretched in hummocks and drifts in every direction to meet a pale sky. The sun shone down with a brightness that made the landscape sparkle as if a million tiny stars had fallen into the clean new whiteness.

"My, the sun's bright," she remarked, blinking.

"I wouldn't look at it too long. It's hard on the eyes," reminded Mrs. Blake.

Molly peered out at the white waste, at the place where the road ought to be, now inches deep with snow. The line of bushes along Dry Creek drooped with the weight of the snow, looking like bent old women with packs on their backs. Mr. Blake had taken the team and wagon and started for the settlement that morning and two bluish tracks led away toward the valley. To the west lay Colorado Territory, and on top of the western horizon a dark blot moved slowly. Molly blinked twice and looked again. Yes, it really was something moving.

"Somebody's coming," she said.



Her mother was saying, "Had he intended coming here?" Mr. Arlin shook his head. "That I don't know. If I knew which way he was headin' when he left home, I'd know which way to look for him."

"Couldn't you follow his horse's tracks?" asked Molly.

Again Mr. Arlin shook his graying head. "That thin skiff of snow we had in the night covered them up."

"Maybe he went to the Saunders's."

"I've been to the Saunders's."

"And the Carters'?"

"Them, too."

"So the horse came in without him?" murmured Mrs. Blake as she poured a steaming stream of coffee into a cup.

Molly said nothing. Did it mean that the horse threw Steve and then went home without him? Did it mean that Steve might have lain out in the cold all night with a broken leg, or worse?

"Didn't he say where he was going when he left home?" she asked.

"His Ma can't remember that he said anything except that he'd be home for supper. But before that the horse had come in without him."

Molly shivered. It would be bad enough to be out in the cold for so many hours if one were all right—but if Steve were injured, how awful!

Mr. Arlin drank the coffee hurriedly, ate a slice of bread and jelly, and rose. "Warmed me right well—and thanks to you, Mrs. Blake—but I must be going on. My wife's pretty much worried. If I only knew where to begin lookin'." He rubbed his head uncertainly before putting on the big fur cap with the ear-tabs.

Molly watched him go on down the road toward the settlement, riding between the tracks her father's wagon had made. Surely Steve hadn't gone to the settlement. Or to the Indians. Or would he? She doubted if Mr. Arlin knew about Steve's friendship with Indian Jim.

"Mother, I think I should go looking for Steve, too. Mr. Arlin will look for him in the sensible places—but you know how Steve is, always going off on a wild goose chase."

Mrs. Blake nodded. "It would be a good idea, but you must be home before sundown. I don't want to worry about you and Steve, too."

"Oh, I will! Will you fix me some sandwiches while I saddle Calico? If I find Steve, he's sure to be starved."

"I'll fix some hot tea, too. We can put it in a gunnysack and tie it to the saddle."

Molly opened the big chest and brought out her warmest knitted hood, mittens, and muffler. She slipped on a knitted jacket under her heavy coat. Then she went out to saddle Calico.

Calico was a beautiful Indian pony with tan-and-brown-and-white spotted sides. He nuzzled her hand as she took the saddle from the peg on the center post of the barn, evidently hoping for the lump of brown sugar she often gave him. He had not been out of the stable for several days and now he flung up his head and danced in the snow as she led him out of the barnyard. She threw the reins about a post and went into the house.

On the table the lunch was ready to put into the sack, and Mrs. Blake was holding an old pair of spectacles over a candle, smoking the lenses with the soot from the flame. When she had finished Molly put them on to protect her eyes from the glare.

"Now do be careful," her mother cautioned, when she was ready to leave. "And be back early."

Molly nodded. She had no wish to remain out after dark. It would be bitterly cold after the sun went down. Besides, she did not want her mother to worry about her.

"I'm going to Indian Jim's first," she said.

"Good luck," Mrs. Blake called.

Molly turned Calico into the path taken by her father and Mr. Arlin. The settlement lay over to the northeast, but as she neared the fork in the trail she turned Calico to the west.

As far as the eye could see, the prairies were one boundless expanse of white. Here and there trees thrust naked branches up out of the snow. Rabbit tracks laced and inter-laced on the broad slope. Dry Creek was only a shadowy gash. She crossed it, came up on the other slope, and looked down into the valley toward the Indian hut. But no smoke came from it.

That was funny. Molly's eyes searched the barnyard and the pasture for signs of life, but nothing moved on the landscape except a tattered scarecrow that fluttered from a post in the cornfield.

"Hello," she called as she neared the hut.

There was no answer. As she rode nearer, she could see that no footprints had been made in the snowy dooryard. Indian Jim had moved away.

She pulled Calico to a halt. Now which way should she go? She tried to think of someone or something that would be of great interest to Steve. Suddenly she snapped her fingers. The gypsum quarry!

Several months ago Steve had brought home some chunks of the smooth limestone, and he and Molly had had an afternoon of fun carving it. Molly had carved a little round dish, and Steve had carved a church with a steeple and a bell.

"Some day we'll go down and get a whole sackful of gypsum," he had said. "We can make lots of things of it."

But the weather had turned cold almost immediately. One snow had followed another. Molly had come down with a cold. Steve had twisted an ankle. And now she wouldn't be a bit surprised if, all of a sudden, Steve had taken the notion to go to the gypsum quarry.

She tried to remember how he said to get there. It was up Brier Gulch, she knew. The other side of Blue Creek. Somewhere south of Indian Jim's.

She turned Calico to the south and started off across the yard. She was headed for Blue Creek this way, and after Blue Creek would be the gulch. Steve had mentioned seeing a coyote come out from between the two trees at the mouth of the gulch. So there would be two trees for landmarks.

A jack rabbit scuttled out from behind a snowy hummock and leaped across the barnyard in zigzag pattern. A hawk sailed in circles above, winging ever lower and lower. To the east something stirred behind a clump of frozen bushes. A coyote, probably.

It took her an hour to reach Blue Creek. She drew Calico to a halt on the bank



Illustrated by  
RUTH KING



and looked about. The creek was frozen over, and only a thin stream trickled beneath the ice. To the south, the country was more rugged. Slopes lifted their white summits, one behind the other. Neither house nor shed dotted the landscape. Except for the scanty vegetation, upthrust at irregular intervals along the edge of a draw, there was only a vast expanse of white.

The sensible thing to do was to make for the rougher country. The gypsum quarry undoubtedly would be somewhere to the south. She rode Calico to the top of the hill. Arroyos cut the white expanse like pale blue shadows. Into one of these Molly guided the pony.

Calico's hoofs slipped and slid along the floor of the arroyo. Then the two made their way up again to a plain sprinkled with sunshine. It lay before them like the top of a frosted cake. She rode Calico to the edge. To the east the prairie rolled away whitely. To the north it was much the same, but to the south the country was rugged. There were shadows that must be arroyos, and hills like muffins. These, Molly decided, must be sand mounds. The gypsum quarry, she knew, was near here!

It took another hour to reach the edge of the mounds. She took off her smoked glasses. There was a bluish gash in a hillside, and at the lower edge two trees stood as if on guard. This must be the place. This *must* be it. Now if only Steve was here!

She turned Calico toward the trees. Sure enough they were guarding the mouth of the gulch. Molly forgot her stinging toes and fingers, and the cold wind that was blowing into her face, making it feel strangely stiff.

As she reached the trees her eyes lighted. This was Brier Gulch. It *had* to be, for brier bushes lined the rim, thrusting up stickery barbs through the thin coating of snow. Oh, if she could only hurry, if she could only put Calico into a gallop! But the floor of the gulch was rough, and even at a walk Calico slipped and slid.

Suddenly she leaned forward in the saddle. There was the print of a horse's hoof traced

in a thin patch of snow. There was an overhanging curve of wall just ahead—and there was a dark shadow which might be somebody lying on the ground. It might be Steve. Yes, of course it was Steve, it couldn't be anybody else.

"Steve!" she called loudly and stood up in the stirrups. "Oh, Steve!"

The shadow she had thought was a man became plainer, but the sharp rush of wind that drove across the gulch was her only answer. She kicked Calico's flank, urging him onward. In some places the wind had swept the floor of the gulch bare and his hoofs made sharp clicking sounds.

"Steve!" she called again. "Steve, where are you?"

Once she thought she heard an answer. She pulled Calico to a halt and called again. On the wind came a thin sound, hardly more than an echo. It was Steve's voice.

She wanted to gallop, but she mustn't risk it. The floor of the gulch under the thin snow was covered with loose stones. Around another curve, up a sharp incline. The gulch widened suddenly into a quarry. And there, on his back with his head twisted about so that he might see her coming, was Steve.

Molly dismounted and ran forward. One of Steve's legs was pinned under a rock. His face was white, but he was grinning. She knelt beside him. "Are you hurt?"

"I don't know. My leg hurt at first, but now it's kind of numb."

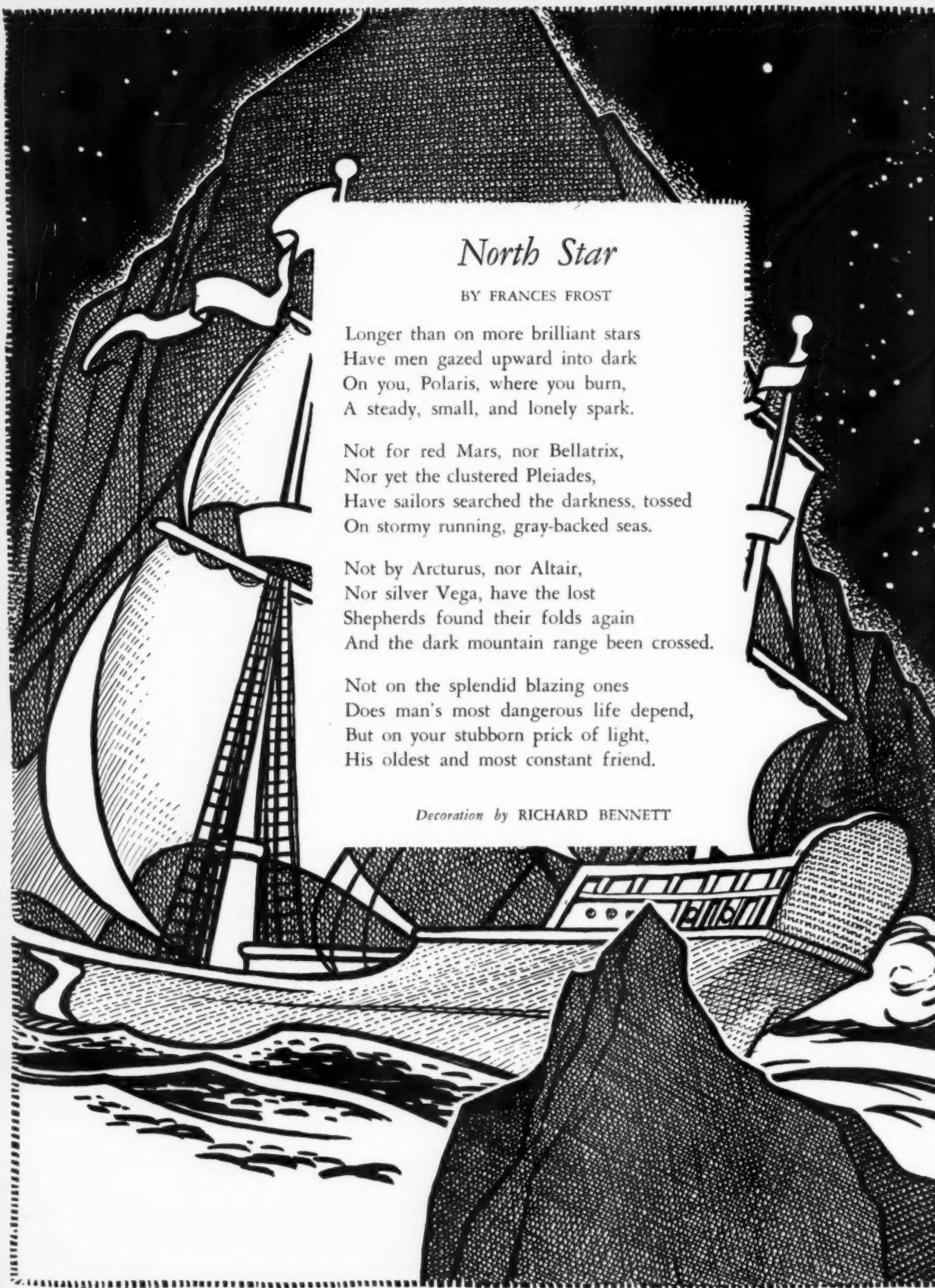
He was blue with cold and his teeth were chattering. Fortunately the high walls of the gulch had shielded him from the wind and the light fall of snow that had come in the night. She began to pull at the big rock.

"It slid off and pinned me down before I knew what was happening," he explained.

Molly pulled and tugged, but the (Continued on page 26)



SHE KNEW HE DREADED SPENDING ANOTHER NIGHT OUT HERE IN THE COLD AND DARKNESS. IT WAS DANGEROUS, TOO, WITH WOLVES ABOUT



## *North Star*

BY FRANCES FROST

Longer than on more brilliant stars  
Have men gazed upward into dark  
On you, Polaris, where you burn,  
A steady, small, and lonely spark.

Not for red Mars, nor Bellatrix,  
Nor yet the clustered Pleiades,  
Have sailors searched the darkness, tossed  
On stormy running, gray-backed seas.

Not by Arcturus, nor Altair,  
Nor silver Vega, have the lost  
Shepherds found their folds again  
And the dark mountain range been crossed.

Not on the splendid blazing ones  
Does man's most dangerous life depend,  
But on your stubborn prick of light,  
His oldest and most constant friend.

*Decoration by* RICHARD BENNETT

# FLYING FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES

By BETTY PECKHAM



Official photograph, Army Air Force, Base Photo Section, Bowman Field, Kentucky

WEARING FUR-LINED SUITS LIKE THIS, FLYING NURSES MUST BE AS EFFICIENT AS THEY ARE IN STARCHED WHITE UNIFORMS

**Y**OU girls who crave excitement, how would you like to travel—right up within machine-gun range of the enemy—in a giant C-47 troop transport filled with grim-faced paratroopers, or even commandos, with perhaps a general or two aboard for good measure? How would you like to look out of your plane and see puffs of anti-aircraft smoke sully the sky all around you? And then to see your escort of ten fighter planes, in battle-camouflage of green and olive drab, engage the enemy planes and drive them away from your transport and the other transports of your convoy? This may be the actual experience of a flight nurse in the Air Evacuation Unit of the Army Air Forces. It is the first tactical unit in the world to employ women, and it is a unit which takes them further into the danger zone than American women have ever before gone.

Now, from your transport and other transports of your convoy, the paratroopers bail out, one by one. Above the racing streak that is the earth, you see the parachutes blossom out far below. The white ones carry the men. The red ones carry arms and supplies. The parachutes grow smaller and smaller as they drift downward. But you cannot wait to see the paratroopers go into action. You have other work to do.

The transport circles back now to a small landing field which has been hacked out of the jungle, close behind the battle front. Here a temporary shelter has been erected. It is crowded with

*Being a Flight Nurse is perhaps the most thrilling job a girl can have today. But the work is long and hard—often under direct fire*

wounded men, waiting to be flown back to the hospital behind the lines.

Almost as the plane lands, the doors are thrown open and the steps lowered. The flight nurse jumps to the ground, and enlisted men from the loading station swarm aboard. The metal seats are snapped back against the walls of the plane, and long strips of heavy cotton webbing are pulled down from the ceiling. Other enlisted men are already bringing out the wounded on blanket-covered stretchers.

The nurse pays careful attention to the loading. She glances at the medical tag attached to each patient, which tells her as much as an entire hospital chart. She makes sure that the most serious cases are loaded first and placed well forward away from the sway of the tail. Two men carry the litters up to the door of the plane, while three more wait inside. Two of these receive the litter and a third fastens it into place. In case of a shortage of men, the flight nurse could step in and take the place of any one of the loaders. She has spent hours training for just such an emergency.

But already the plane loading is completed. Twenty-four stretchers in tiers of four, twelve on each side of the aisle, have been fastened securely in place—and all this in the unbelievably short time of eight-and-one-half minutes, or twenty seconds per litter.

If some of the patients had been walking cases, the metal seats might have been left in place. Litters could be suspended above the seats and still leave space for a number of men to sit below. In case of extreme emergency, wounded men might also sit in the aisles, but this would leave little room for the nurse to work.

Now the steps are taken away, the big door is slammed. Pilot, co-pilot, navigator, and radio operator are intent upon the take-off.

Back in the cabin with the wounded are just two able-bodied people, the surgical technician and the flight nurse. The surgical technician is a sergeant, with an intensive course of medical training behind him, but the slim, pretty girl in the overseas cap, leather flying jacket, and dark blue slacks is a lieutenant. It is she who is in charge of the patients in this flying hospital, and she is now faced with the greatest responsibility ever delegated to a nurse. All treatment for the next few hours is completely in her hands. She must do everything required for the patients' welfare.

Now, before she begins her rounds, let us stop a minute and find out how this girl happens to be on board this Douglas Sky Train, as it wings its way back toward safety at a speed of two hundred miles or more per hour.

This flying Florence Nightingale is an Army Nurse, and she is





TOP: CRAWLING UNDER BARBED WIRE TO KEEP OUT OF RANGE OF MACHINE GUN (IN BACKGROUND), FLIGHT NURSES TAKE THEIR FINAL TEST UNDER FIRE OF LIVE BULLETS. CENTER: CLOUDS OF HARMLESS BUT IRRITATING GAS IS LOOSED ON SURPRISED NURSES TO TEST THEIR QUICKNESS IN DONNING GAS MASKS. BOTTOM: LAST THREE DAYS OF NURSES' COURSE SIMULATES REAL COMBAT CONDITIONS. THEY WEAR THE SAME FIELD UNIFORM AS MALE PERSONNEL



ELLEN F. CHURCH WHO WAS THE FIRST AIRLINE STEWARDESS IS FIRST AGAIN. AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE FIRST ARMY AIR EVACUATION UNIT IN NORTH AFRICA, SHE HELPED TO FLY SICK AND WOUNDED BACK FROM THE TUNISIAN FRONT TO HOSPITALS FAR BEHIND THE LINES

between twenty-five and thirty-six years of age. She has completed her hospital training and is qualified to write R.N. after her name. She is not more than five feet five inches in height, and she weighs between one hundred and five and one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Her body has been slimmed and hardened by a strenuous program of physical training, even including practice on a modified obstacle course.

She applied for a position as an Army Nurse through her local Red Cross chapter. There her credentials were examined, and her fitness, training, and professional reputation investigated. Her enlistment in this most dangerous branch of the Army Nursing Service was purely voluntary, and "Air" was written across her application. After having passed a physical examination before a flight surgeon, including a ride in the high altitude chamber to make sure that she will be able to stand altitudes of as much as thirty thousand feet, she was ready to begin her Air Evacuation Training.

Flying nurses are trained at the Army Air Forces School of Evacuation at Bowman Field, outside of Louisville, Kentucky. Here row upon row of jeeps, staff cars, olive drab gasoline trucks, and ambulances crowd the edge of a huge flying field. Acres of planes and gliders stand wing-tip to wing-tip. The streets at the Base are named for Air Force generals and for distinguished Kentuckians who have died in the service of their country. The buildings are painted cream-color, and beyond the well kept Victory gardens rise the spires of a chapel. There is always a drone of planes in the sky overhead.

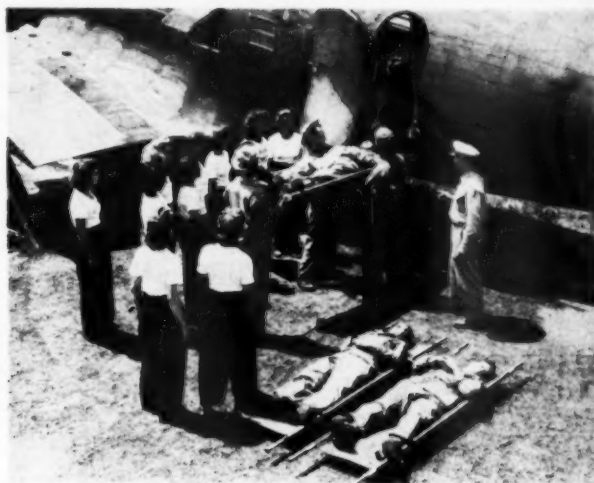
Here the flying nurses have their own lounge and recreation hall, their own mess, barracks, and classrooms. A transport plane, which had crashed on a nearby golf course, was towed over to Bowman Field and converted into a practice ambulance in spite of its lack of engines or propellers. "Limited Service," it was christened, and that is the name which is painted on its fuselage. Many nurses remember how they skinned their knees, the first time they clambered aboard old "Limited Service," but practice soon made them more agile.





Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Corps, Base Photo Section, Mitchel Field, N.Y.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED ARE TRANSPORTED ON STRETCHERS SUSPENDED CLOSELY ONE ABOVE THE OTHER IN THE PLANE



Many of the nurses of the Army Air Forces have already been decorated for service beyond the call of duty, but it almost seems that each one should receive a medal, simply for completing successfully her fast, thorough, strenuous course of training. The things those girls have to pack into their heads in six weeks of fifty hours each, with classes seven days of every one of those weeks! It would be impossible for girls to learn so much, if every girl did not realize that she is engaged in a terrifically serious business. She knows that every topic taken up may mean her own life, or the life of her patients, and therefore she puts forth her best effort to master the subjects studied.

Let us glance at the crowded course of study. Loading and unloading a plane is, of course, of first importance, but there is also gas mask drill, parachute drill, and crash procedure to be practiced. Much of the training is undertaken on actual out-of-door maneuvers. The nurses march to a spot somewhere in the woods, put up their tents, and improvise a hasty camouflage. Then they have to find their own way home again by the use of maps and compasses. On the way home they may be subjected to a surprise gas attack, to test how quickly they can don their gas masks. Or planes may come over with a realistic air raid, including bombing and strafing, which will teach the nurses how to find cover in a hurry.

But the most drastic training of all is the practice which the girls get in crawling along the ground under a barrage of live machine gun bullets. Clad in khaki coveralls and steel helmets, the girls worm their way along, under barbed wire set exactly thirty inches above the ground, the actual range of the machine guns. It sounds like a harrowing experience for a girl, but this practice drill may save her life some day in an actual No Man's Land in a far distant corner of the world, so it is best for her to know how to protect her life if that day should ever come.

The nurse knows that she is going right up into the danger zone. She realizes that there is no fooling in a war.

She knows, too, that this is a global war, so she learns in advance about the customs and habits of the people in the various countries which she may visit. She learns about the symptoms and treatment of dread tropical diseases. Even if separated from all others, she must know how to survive under all climatic conditions. So she studies Arctic survival, desert survival, jungle survival, and ocean survival.

Jungle survival takes up the study of the coconut tree, from which one may obtain food, building materials, and even sunburn ointment.

Ocean survival means a knowledge of how to live on a life raft, and a study of its equipment from flare pistol to fishing tackle. And after you have caught the fish, you must know how



TOP: FLIGHT NURSES LEARN HOW TO LOAD PATIENTS INTO TROOP CARRIER PLANES IN CASE THEY SHOULD EVER HAVE TO DO THIS THEMSELVES. ABOVE: IN THE LOW PRESSURE CHAMBER, THE NURSES ARE TESTED IN ORDER TO DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT THEY CAN STAND HIGH ALTITUDES

to extract fresh drinking water from its tissues. Other supplies on the raft are a sealed can of distilled drinking water, a can of bright-colored powder which can be spread over the water to attract attention of rescue planes, food rations, a scout knife, a police whistle, a first aid kit, a combination shade and camouflage cloth, a combination sail and water catcher, oars, a repair kit, bullet-hole plugs, and a bailing bucket. The nurse tries on for herself the famous Mae West life jacket. She learns to swim with all her clothes on, and to rescue others fully clad. And just in case she ever needs to know how, she practices swimming through burning oil and gasoline.

Quite often during her training, the flight nurse goes to the movies, not the double feature at the neighborhood theater, but movies which are a hundred times more thrilling. These movies are designed to prepare the nurses for their work in the field. Through them the girls are made familiar with booby-traps, and are taught how to detect and avoid them. They also see movies of actual Air Evacuation work abroad, and listen to lectures by doctors and nurses who have returned from active duty. By means of slides, they study the regular Army course of plane recognition. Scale models, hanging from the ceiling of their wall-board classrooms, give them practice in identifying the planes they will soon see flying across (Continued on page 32)

# A GIRL SCOUT



THE CARE OF FLOWERS—SO GOOD FOR PATIENTS' MORALE—IS AN EXTRA BURDEN TO TIRED NURSES. HERE A SENIOR SCOUT TAKES OVER THE JOB. ABOVE RIGHT: GIRL SCOUTS WORKING AT ONE OF THE MANY AMERICAN RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CENTERS WHERE VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED



LEFT: OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY IS A NEW INTEREST OF THE GIRL SCOUTS. UNDER SUPERVISION, SENIOR SCOUTS ARE TEACHING THE HEALING ARTS AND CRAFTS IN CIVILIAN HOSPITALS. ABOVE: MANY A SCOUT HAS HAD EXPERIENCE FEEDING LARGE GROUPS OF PEOPLE—KNOWLEDGE USEFUL IN HOSPITAL WORK

# D'S DUTY *is to be* USEFUL *and to* HELP OTHERS

*The older Intermediate and the Senior Girl Scout have a wonderful opportunity to live according to this, the third Girl Scout law, by doing volunteer work in their community hospitals. Thousands of Girl Scouts are doing it in the spirit of good citizenship*



ABOVE: ABSORBED IN WEAVING ON A HAND LOOM, THIS LITTLE GIRL FINDS A NEW REASON FOR GETTING WELL. BELOW: SENIOR SCOUTS FROM DULUTH, MINNESOTA, ARE HOSPITAL-THOROUGH!



ABOVE: BRUSHING UP ON FIRST AID SO THAT THE VALUABLE THINGS LEARNED MAY NOT BE FORGOTTEN. BELOW: HOSPITAL AIDES HELP NURSES BY FOLDING LINEN. THEY DO MANY OTHER JOBS IN WHICH PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IS NOT NECESSARY





# SOME NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Sketches by  
KATHLEEN KELLY



**T**HIS first month of the year always brings to mind that thing called New Year's Resolutions. It would be a good time, therefore, for all Girl Scouts, young and old, to give thought to the Girl Scout Laws (which are the ethical code of the organization) and to consider ways in which we can do a better job of keeping them.

On pages six to nine of the *Girl Scout Handbook*, the Laws are explained. They provide an excellent yardstick by which we can measure our short-comings before making our resolutions. Here they are:

## 1. *A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted.*

It might be a good idea, in the checking process, to ask yourself some questions. "Do I take the blame, regardless of consequences, for things I have done which I know are wrong? Do I keep to myself things that are told me in confidence—and can anybody's honor be trusted who constantly violates confidences? Can I always be trusted with the money and belongings of other people? Do I remember to return—in good condition—things that are loaned to me? If I get more change than I should when buying something, do I return the extra money? When I am given a job to do, do I always do it to the very best of my ability? Do I ever cheat in my school work? When playing games? Do I brag about myself or my family, and say things that are not true?"

## 2. *A Girl Scout is loyal.*

There is perhaps no lovelier thing in this world than a person who is loyal and faithful to the people and things in which he believes. It makes for greatness. Ask yourself, "Am I faithful to my own family—to my father and mother, my brothers and sisters? To the many grown-ups—teachers and friends—who have faith in me and in the kind of woman I will grow up to be? Am I loyal to the people who are honestly trying to make my community and my country and the world a better place in which to live? Am I myself true to my country, and am I doing everything I can to make it a place where everyone—young or old, rich or poor, black, white, red, or yellow—has an equal opportunity to live decently and take part in the country's progress? Do I allow myself a blinding hatred for some race of people? Do I ignore girls of foreign parentage? Do I make fun of them—their clothes, their looks, or their ways?"

## 3. *A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.*

To "help others" means more than bandaging a sprained ankle, or changing a flat tire. Sometimes the greatest help you can give another person is a kind word or a smile, to teach them some interesting thing, or to sense when they have a headache, or are feeling cross. It has been said that if you plant a thistle seed you can't expect a fig tree to come up—and, of course, it is true. If we do not go out of our way to be helpful to others, we cannot expect others to go out of their way to be helpful to us. Check yourself on this Law by asking, "Do

I do my share of the work at home? In camp? At school? And do I do it without grumbling? Do I really know *how* to be useful myself and how to help others to be useful? Do I remember to leave some of the interesting things for others to do, and encourage them to do them even when it would be easier to do the whole thing myself? Do I keep in mind that, while worth-while things are not easy to accomplish, a Girl Scout is not looking only for the easy things?"

## 4. *A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout.*

"Do I have a feeling of good will toward the boys and girls and the adults in my neighborhood and community—regardless of their race, nationality, or church? Do I always remember that our country was founded as a democracy—a place where different peoples may have freedom to live and to worship—and do I never forget the many battles we have fought, and the many people who have died, to keep it so? Do I, as an American, love freedom truly not only for myself and my friends, but for all people? Do I let my good will be known by being sisterly to my troop mates, and friendly and kindly toward all others?"

## 5. *A Girl Scout is courteous.*

Courtesy is really being kind and thoughtful for other people's feelings. Try some of these questions. "Do I make fun of people—their clothes, their hair, their walk, their build—in front of them, or behind their backs? Am I always picking flaws in something that someone else thinks is pretty or becoming—or am I one of the few people who do not say anything unless they can say something good? Do I always look when I go through a door, to see whether or not there is anyone behind me? Do I get to places on time, or do I make other people wait? Do I try to keep well by eating and drinking what I should, and sleeping the necessary hours, so that I will not demand attention unnecessarily? When I do have a cold, or something else that is catching, do I keep away from other people? Do I speak courteously to my mother and father, to my teachers, and to my troop leader? When I am in crowded places, do I push and shove?"

Add to the above anything people do that hurts your feelings, and then try never to do those things to anyone else. If it hurts you, it probably will hurt others, too.

## 6. *A Girl Scout is a friend to animals.*

Being a friend to animals means being a friend to *all* animals—little ones and big ones, the attractive, pretty ones like birds, squirrels, dogs, and cats, and the less attractive ones as well, like toads, skunks, spiders, and so on. You can check yourself on this easily. "Do I train my dog so that he is acceptable to my friends and neighbors? Or do I let him beg at the table, knock over the teacups, claw peoples' stockings, and jump on them? Do I realize that it is only kindness to



# S FOR GIRL SCOUTS

By MARIE GAUDETTE, *Girl Scout National Staff*

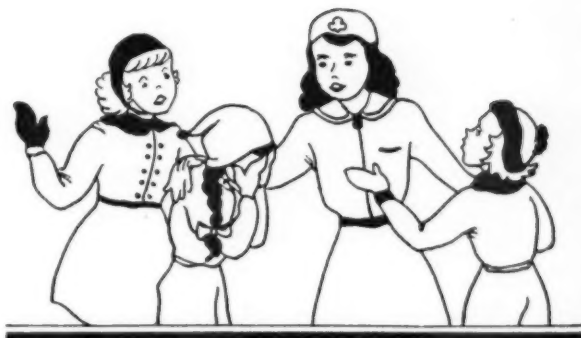
train a dog so he will be loved by everyone? Do I remember to give my canary fresh sand and water and seeds every day, and little tidbits that are good for him? Do I give him water to take a bath in when he should have it? Do I remember that goldfish and turtles are not happy and cannot remain healthy living in a bowl in the sun and without water plants growing in the water? Do I try to discourage the sale of small chickens and rabbits at Easter time—since these small animals are often purchased as gifts for people who have no place to keep them and do not know how to care for them, and they die? Do I needlessly step on spiders and ants and other small creatures out of doors? Do I scream when I see a snake and urge someone to kill it? Or do I protect the non-poisonous ones as useful creatures? Do I inform myself about the work of our local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? About the work of the American Humane Association, and the National Audubon Society?" (If you will write to these two places they will send you a list of their literature. The address of The American Humane Association is 135 Washington Avenue, Albany, 6, N. Y.; and The National Audubon Society is at 1006 Fifth Avenue, New York, 28, N. Y.)

## 7. A Girl Scout obeys orders.

"Do I obey traffic signals and the traffic policeman? Do I try to keep my town clean and attractive by not throwing gum and candy papers, or any other kinds of litter, into the streets? Do I refrain from marking, or in any other way injuring public or private property? Do I take good care of my schoolbooks and supplies? Do I remember that these come, usually, out of public tax money and that it is only fair to be careful of them? Am I quiet in the public library? Do I obey the rules and regulations of such a place? Do I obey, with a co-operative spirit, the regulations in my community in regard to vaccinations, eye and ear testing, health examinations, and so on, set up by the community to help keep everyone in as good health as possible?"

## 8. A Girl Scout is cheerful.

Some people smile more readily than others. But if you haven't learned the art of smiling—start now! We are not going to tell you all the good that will come of this—just try



it and then notice how much better you will feel and how much it helps your friends and neighbors.

Here's a hard question to answer in the affirmative in connection with this Law—"Am I calm and cheerful under difficulties, or when I am doing something that I do not want to do?" That's a very difficult thing to accomplish, but a Girl Scout can do it if she tries very hard and over a period of time.

## 9. A Girl Scout is thrifty.

"Do I take care of my clothes so they will last as long as possible? Do I eat what is set before me—and all of it—or am I 'picky'? Do I spend my money wisely and save some of it? Do I help take good care of the furnishings in my home so that my parents can keep the home looking well? Do I help with gardening, canning, sewing, mending, with any activity in the home that helps to keep down money spending? Do I bring my troop dues regularly, and pay my registration when it is due? Do I take an interest in the troop treasury, and help to see that the money is spent in a way that gives the most benefit to the greatest number of people?"

## 10. A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed.

"Do I use words, or tell stories, or make remarks that I know are off-color? Would I like to hear people whom I respect—my mother or father, my Girl Scout leader or my teacher—telling questionable stories, or using offensive language? Do I remember that, even though I am young, there are many people who have respect for me, including my parents, my leader, and my teacher—and that I am likely to influence other young people, and my own younger brothers and sisters, through my example? Do I think it is blasé and modern to 'neck,' to tell vulgar jokes, and to swear? Or do I believe that it is necessary for me to respect myself if I expect others to treat me with respect?"

FOR this New Year, then, let us check ourselves against some of the questions presented in these pages—and, of course, we can add many other questions of our own. Maybe we will make a real effort to keep the Girl Scout Laws in 1944 better than we did in 1943. It will not be easy, but it is well worth trying. A conscientious effort to live up to them makes the Girl Scout Promise something more than a few mumbled words:

"On my honor, I will try:

"To do my duty to God and my country,

"To help other people at all times,

"To obey the Girl Scout Laws."

Girl Scouts and Leaders!

Do you find these pages helpful in your troop work? Have you any suggestions? Write the Program Division, Girl Scout Headquarters, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York.





# CELEBRATIONS for GIRL SCOUTS



By OLEDA SCHROTTKY, *Girl Scout National Staff*

A CEREMONY honors a special event and dignifies an important occasion. Each one grows out of a natural situation and is usually a time of rejoicing. Such celebrations are an outgrowth of human love of pageantry—and pageantry is a combination of occasion, color, pattern, and rhythm. These four things are important in building any ceremony.

Our Girl Scout world is full of special occasions. One of the most important of these is the day Girl Scouts are given their pins, an occasion commonly called "investiture." This should always be done with a ceremony, simple but impressive. When a girl is made into a full-fledged Scout, she promises to try to do her duty to God and her country, to be helpful at all times, and to be obedient to the ten Girl Scout Laws. This is an occasion full of meaning.

A ceremony need not be cut and dried, but it must be well organized. Know the place from which your troop is to enter, where each member, including yourself, is going to stand, and be sure that you stand respectfully quiet. Many people think that to be quiet is to look like a wooden Indian. But not so! There is nothing more attractive than standing gracefully at ease.

I would like to suggest, also, a number of "be sures" for you to remember, the next time you take part in a ceremony. Be sure your uniform is neat, and that everything is well anchored so you won't have to worry about slips and berets staying on, straps breaking, or garments coming down. Be sure your dog (if he is a follower) is tied up. Many an impressive occasion is ruined by Rover walking in at the wrong time. I speak with feeling, for this happened to me once when I was a schoolgirl. When the chorus started singing, "It is spring, lovely spring," my dog ran at top speed, yelping, right into the principal. How that dog hated singing, and how disgraced I was! I never did remember much about what should have been a great day in my life; I just remember Rover and how I failed his love, pretending not to know him.

In the language of the radio, don't begin a ceremony "cold." Work up to it. Usually a little music sets the mood and calms the most nervous participant. When breathing is regular (it can be made so by taking long breaths and thinking calming thoughts) start walking in with grace, your steps bearing at least some relation to the rhythm of the music. Sometimes you have that awful feeling of dropping into space when you step inside the door. Just say to yourself then, "Nothing lasts forever, good or bad, and this is going to be a happy occasion if I make it so." This is what I mean by calming thoughts. Please believe that if you do this, the first thing you know you will be back to normal. If there is no piano, and no one plays a smaller instrument, depend upon your own voices. Only be sure everyone knows the songs and that the monotones stay quiet while the singing goes on. Any of our several Girl Scout song books have suitable marching songs, and there are, as well, some good ones in sheet music form.

We said, a while ago, that occasion, color, pattern, and rhythm make up pageantry. In an investiture ceremony, you have all four:—occasion; color in the flags, both in the American flag and the troop flag—color, too,

in the fresh uniforms and neat, crisp ties, and in your own bright faces and hair; pattern in the lines and neatness of your formation, be it a hollow square, circle, trefoil, or horse-shoe; rhythm in the grace of your walk and your steps as you receive your pins, and the tempo of your singing and speaking. All these elements of pageantry come only with preparation—and please don't confuse preparation with rehearsing. Plan well ahead of time and learn the songs; then walking through the ceremony once or twice will do the trick.

An investiture ceremony should include the following:—a simple flag ceremony; the re-

known places of the earth. Through the ages the trefoil directed men in their travels and explorations, and so it became the emblem of direction and conquest. True to its meaning, it has today become the emblem of Scouting, leading boys and girls not to the conquest of lands, but to the conquest of self. The three leaves, like the three fingers of the Scout sign, refer to the three parts of the Scout Promise. The center leaf signifies duty to God and country; the one on the right, the duty to help other people at all times; and the one on the left, the duty of keeping the Scout laws. Girl Scouts are known by their deeds, and the Girl Scout emblem on our pin identifies us with a great organization dedicated to those things that are good and true.

In our ceremonies, we want, of course, to display this emblem of which we are so proud. If members of the troop are handy at making things, it is fun and effective to construct a heavy cardboard trefoil about three feet across, shellac it, and cover it with gold radiator paint if that is available, or with something that passes for gold. Trace the eagle in green or blue show-card color, and place the trefoil at the back of the stage. After the troop marches in for a Court of Awards, a parents' meeting, or any similar ceremony, the girls might form a broken semi-circle, with the trefoil completing it—a girl on the right and a girl on the left of the trefoil acting as commentators. After the color ceremony, these speakers might tell the story of the trefoil as told above, or they might write their own words. A song usually closes such a ceremony, after which the girls break formation. Troop activities follow, or perhaps even a party.

Registration cards should also be given out with ceremony. (Your local office or National Headquarters will help you with suggestions if you are a Lone Troop.) The pamphlet, *Act It Out*, includes ceremonies for any occasion and goes into detail regarding the color ceremony. There is in this pamphlet a beautiful flag ceremony, almost like a pageant, called "The Beautiful Unbuilt City." It is arranged for choral reading, and it is just the thing Girl Scout troops need when they are asked to appear at civic clubs and other organizations.

Birthday ceremonies are popular. There is one called *The Birthday Festival* which can be easily adapted to a troop birthday party—and that, too, may be secured from the Girl Scout Equipment Service. A troop of Girl Scouts in Palmerton, Pennsylvania, made a living birthday cake. This was done by constructing a simple frame, three feet high—or high enough to reach just above the elbows of the littler Girl Scouts—and decorated to represent the birthday cake. Inside the frame, the small girls were placed, each with a lighted candle; the taller ones back of this row—and so on until a tall girl with one flickering candle stood above all the rest. It must have been a sight to behold when the curtain went up on this living birthday cake and the audience burst forth with "Happy Birthday to You!"

Camp fire ceremonies, both in and out of camp, are full of meaning. To begin with, a camp fire should be carefully laid and treated with respect. Don't throw gum wrappers and

## COME ON IN!

Would you like to belong to a club that really gets things done, that knows what community service there is to do, and has the opportunity to do it? Would you like to share the privilege of helping at the U.S.O., teaching games to children, working with the Red Cross, helping in the Civilian Defense program?

You can have all this—and fun, too—by joining a Girl Scout troop. You can help plan hikes, cooking out-of-doors, parties, singing, and group organization, with girls your own age in a Girl Scout troop.

Call the Girl Scouts in your town and ask how you can join a Girl Scout troop. If Girl Scouts do not exist where you live, write to GIRL SCOUTS, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

peating of the Promise and Laws; a short talk by the leader, or a qualified older girl, on some phase of Girl Scouting. This may be a short speech, or excerpts from an article, or a poem. Whatever form the speech may take, the troop should be made to realize the importance of the ceremony and the necessity for living the Girl Scout Laws in daily life. Such lovely songs as "When E'er You Make a Promise," "Hymn to Scouting," and "The Girl Scout Chant," should have a special place.

There is a pamphlet published by the National Girl Scouts which gives detailed information concerning ceremonies for a variety of occasions. Some troops prefer to write something special for their ceremonies, and the use of such writings for certain occasions may become a tradition in the troop.

Just why Lord Robert Baden-Powell chose the trefoil for the Scout emblem, I do not know. There is, however, a legend that the trefoil—our Girl Scout pin is in the form of a trefoil—is the sign of the north as pictured by the old mariners' compass. It is said to have originated in China four thousand, five hundred years ago. It was a directing sign, by land and sea, and so became the guide for men of courage who ventured into the un-

paper handkerchiefs into the fireplace, for even discarded things should be burned in a special receptacle in appreciation of their past use. When the camp fire is lighted, it should always be done kneeling. The lines from that beautiful poem of John Oxenham,

"Kneel always when you light a fire,  
"And grateful be

"To God for His unfailing charity"

is an appropriate beginning. There should always be a fire lighter and a fire tender, or perhaps two. It is an honor to be a tender of the camp fire, and the duties should be carried out with distinction. As the wood catches and the flame leaps up, the troop sings, "Rise Up, O Flame," which you will find on page 61 of *Sing Together. The Story of Fire* by Walter Hough, published by Doubleday, Doran, has interesting reading for the camp fire hour, as has *The Thunder Bird* by Wainwright Evans, published by Thomas Nelson.

Among the most popular ceremonies are those for planting trees and for blessing houses and camps. The opening words of the Girl Scout house blessing, "God bless this house from thatch to floor," are touching words and may well be said upon the occasion of dedicating a Little House, a new school, a library, a U.S.O. house, or a private dwelling.

The many patriotic days we customarily celebrate are not discussed here, for lack of space, but the flag ceremonies referred to earlier in the article are suitable to any kind of patriotic meeting, the year round. "Act It Out," the pamphlet mentioned before and published by the Girl Scouts, has suggestions for patriotic and seasonal ceremonies, house blessings, and party ideas.

## GYPSY MAGIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

The *Prairie Belle* shook and shook, groaning from time to time with the strain of bucking the high waters. It was hard to go to bed, but at last Aunt felt that they really must, and they went unwillingly to their stateroom.

Pamela, waking in the narrow top bunk in the darkness, thought someone was shaking her by the shoulder. But then she knew it was the boat itself. The pitcher was chattering in the basin on the washstand, and all about her rose small creakings and whinings and rappings, and outside she could hear the river swirling sullenly past the vessel's sides.

After a while she fell asleep again and slept until Aunt woke her. They dressed in a jiffy and were out on deck. It was broad daylight, and most of the passengers were already at the rail. Many of the men hadn't gone to bed at all. They said the *Prairie Belle* had stopped to refuel a little after dawn. The *Susy B.* apparently thought she had enough wood to see her through to Saint Louis. During the stop she had drawn ahead, but the *Belle* was cutting down the advantage and it looked to most people as though the *Susy B.* was having to go easy on her wood. Smoke didn't seem so thick. Maybe she'd have done better to take time to refuel, people thought.

Nothing but the race was talked about during breakfast. When Pamela went out on deck afterwards, she could see the *Susy B.* was nearer. An hour later she could make out the people on the decks. Then, around eleven, she could see their faces. Passengers and

(Continued on page 27)

## Are You in the Know?



Would you wear this number for

- ☐ School
- ☐ Dating
- ☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when*? But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital*. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines spoil your style.

WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN  
WE WILL MEET AGAIN



The name of this song is . . .

- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Day in—Day Out
- ☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're sure of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special safety center that sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

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Did this girl score . . .

- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An ace
- ☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if you're a good sport, you'll bowl regularly, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a strike!)

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## FOUR-FOOTED ACTORS COME BACK

In the old days of the silent films, certain animal actors drew "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from audiences. They couldn't speak, in their celluloid rôles, but neither could human actors, either. Among those four-footed stars of early times were the "wonder-dogs," Rin-Tin-Tin and Strongheart, and Tom Mix's famous horse, Tony. Rin-Tin-Tin was a cornerstone in the structure of Warner Brothers' success. As for Strongheart, it's said that he brought his master earnings of three hundred thousand dollars.

When sound came to the films, it did no good to cinema horses and dogs. Though they were still used in minor parts, they tended to drop out as stars. Human beings could out-talk them. In recent months, though, with the war pulling actors away from Hollywood, four-footers have had better chances to fill important parts—and some of them have done strikingly well. Flicka, the horse in *My Friend Flicka*, and Lassie, the dog in *Lassie Come Home*, have proved especially appealing.

And now Hollywood promises us *National Velvet*, the story of a race horse, and a new version of the old classic, *Black Beauty*. Other horse and dog stories are being considered for



production, and a mild boom in animal movies seems under way.

No recent dog star, perhaps, has so much appeal as Lassie. She plays the rôle of a faithful female collie, but she is really a he. His name was originally Pal. Born in the kennels of Rudd Weatherwax, a Hollywood handler, Pal gave many signs, at first, of not being destined for stardom. As a puppy he was undersized. Catching up on his growing, he was so busy putting his mind on food that he didn't seem able to put it on much else. Weatherwax thought him a dud.

But Pal developed surprisingly. While he was still very young, it became clear that he had both beauty and brains. Not long after he reached his full growth he was given a try-out for the stellar rôle in *Lassie Come Home*, with Roddy McDowall, that gifted young actor, playing the part of the dog's master.

Pal, rechristened Lassie, did splendidly. So splendidly that he was guaranteed two hundred and fifty dollars a week if only he would put his paw-print on the dotted line.

Directing a dog star like Lassie is no easy task for a trainer. Verbal orders can't often be given, so handlers must work largely by silent signals. But, even in films with sound, trainers may speak at moments when there's no dialogue. If their voices don't overlap lines spoken by actors, the orders they give their dogs can be cut out of the film's sound track.

Trainers agree that, contrary to general belief, it's harder to teach a dog to act like a dog than to teach him complicated stage or circus tricks. And complete naturalness is a "must" in a good animal film.

## Good beginnings

that head for a happy ending  
in the New Year.

You're right from the start with a 1944 Girl Scout Diary. It tells you how to be thrifty—how to budget, save food and clothes and how to have inexpensive fun. Pages for daily expenses, space for daily notes make it a real diary. 20-391—15c



Put your quarters into War Stamps and soon you'll have a War Bond—better than a piggy bank because it helps your country, too. This bright red leatherette cover will keep those precious stamps safe—it comes with an album and a 25c stamp as a starter.

11-675—Cover, 25c;  
Stamp, 25c; Total—50c



Lend your new books if you like—it's patriotic. But be sure they have your distinctive Girl Scout Bookplate to mark them as your very own. Printed in black on ivory, they come already gummed, in a package of 15. 11-606—15c

*We cannot accept  
C.O.D.'s, so be sure to  
enclose your remittance  
when ordering by mail.*



### GIRL SCOUTS—National Equipment Service

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1307 Washington Ave.  
St. Louis 3, Mo.

# MOLLY TO THE RESCUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

rock didn't budge. She braced her back against the quarry wall and shoved with all her might. Still it did not move.

"I don't believe you can do anything with it," Steve muttered. "You'd better hurry along and send somebody after me. Tell 'em to bring something to eat, will you?"

"Oh, I brought something to eat." She turned to Calico, and took the gunnysack from the saddle horn.

Steve took the piece of bread and jelly gratefully, and allowed Molly to hold the bottle of tea, cold now, to his lips. "Mmm, that's good," he breathed. "Makes me feel better already."

"Have you any matches?"

He nodded. "In my coat pocket. Over here. But there's nothing to burn in this place."

"I'll find something to burn, just you watch."

She rode to the mouth of the gulch, and there she broke off prickly lengths from the bushes and crammed them into the gunnysack. Kicking the snow from the grass, she pulled wisps of dry prairie grass from the frozen sod. Back again, she scooped snow from a rocky depression near Steve and started a fire. It did not burn well at first, but finally it caught. Gradually she added short lengths of the brier branches.

"This is fine," murmured Steve, holding his hands gratefully toward the fire. "If it hadn't been for that overhanging wall, I'd have frozen stiff last night. How'd you ever think of coming here?"

Molly explained about his horse coming in riderless, and that Mr. Arlin had been to all the neighbors' houses. She added, "And then I remembered about the gypsum."

Steve nodded. "I kept throwing rocks at Prince to make him go home. I knew I

couldn't get out of here alone, and I hoped—" He broke off, stopped by a paroxysm of coughing.

Molly looked at him anxiously. Steve had caught a bad cold. She couldn't possibly gather enough fuel to last him while she rode all the way home and returned with help. He would have to lie here for hours and hours. Clouds were scudding overhead promising more snow.

"You'd better hurry," Steve urged.

She knew he dreaded spending another night out here in the cold and the darkness. It was dangerous, too, in more ways than one—there were a few wolves in this part of the country. She doubted if the wolves would attack him—still, with him lying helpless this way, she could not be sure. And he needed this meager fire. Already the drawn look had left his lips and he was rubbing his hands together near the blaze. If only she had some way to send a message! Some way to tell her father and mother that Steve was here in Briar Gulch.

"Do you have a pencil in your pocket?" she asked.

Steve shook his head. "Nor paper, either."

Molly took off her dark glasses and looked considerably at her pony. Calico would go home immediately if she told him to. But how was she to send a message? How was she to let them know where she and Steve were?

She turned to the fire, but the wind was already blowing it away. She hastened to add another twist of grass, another brier branch.

Calico nuzzled her shoulder as if asking what he was to do. She rubbed his velvety nose absently, patted his spotted neck. Steve coughed again. She simply mustn't leave him. She must keep the fire going. There had to be some way.

Suddenly she turned, slipped her smoked glasses into her pocket, grabbed up a handful of snow and began rubbing it into one of the white patches on Calico's side. When she had the spot thoroughly dampened she reached again for her glasses, rubbed a forefinger inside to remove a little of the soot, and began to print on the dampened spot. When she had finished, "Brier Gulch" was printed in soot on Calico's side.

She drove Calico to the mouth of the gulch, slapped him sharply on the rump, and commanded, "Go home, Calico, go home!"

Calico pricked up his ears, looked at her, and waited for more.

"Go home, Calico! Home! Home!"

Calico looked at her again, shook his head, and started forward. Molly watched him out of sight, as she stuffed grass and brier branches into the gunnysack. Then she hurried back to Steve. After that, it was a succession of fire building and fuel gathering.

Darkness came on and the two finished the tea and the bread and jelly by the light of the meager fire. Then another trip for grass and branches.

It must have been near midnight, Molly thought, when she heard the shouts of the rescue party. Her own father and Steve's rode into the gulch, followed by Mr. Carter and Mr. Saunders. It took only a few minutes for the men to lift the rock from Steve's leg, which was found to be bruised but otherwise uninjured.

Mr. Saunders said, in his soft Scotch burr, "That was a clever way you had to let us know where you were, lassie."

Steve nodded, looking at Molly with eyes full of admiration and gratitude. "Nobody else would ever have thought of that," he said. "You're the smartest girl in Nebraska, Molly Blake."



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## GYPSY MAGIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

crew, everyone was out at the rail of the *Susy B.*, staring back at the *Prairie Belle* and her passengers and crew; everyone on the *Prairie Belle* was staring forward at the *Susy B.*

The suspense was almost unendurable. Ahead of them they could see the smoke of Saint Louis and the spires of its churches. It was a lovely summer day, but no one took time to think of weather. In the cabins the suitcases were unpacked. But no one took time to think of suitcases. In the galley, the breakfast dishes were unwashed. But the dishwashers were at the rail and no one thought of ordering them back to their work.

The *Prairie Belle* drew ahead, drew ahead. It was meeting the wash of the *Susy B.* In a moment now it would be drawing abreast of the other steamer, but somehow the moment did not come. The *Susy B.* must have kept a final reserve of wood for one last effort. Once more the smoke was coming in great rolls from its twin stacks, once more its wheel was thrashing madly at its stern.

Now they had entered into the final stretch of the river. The warehouses of Saint Louis loomed large and square above its wharves, the drays rattled along its streets, and somehow the news of the race had spread and the water front was lined with people. Through the turmoil of the boat itself, Pamela could hear the thin sound of distant cheering. The *Prairie Belle* had put on her last desperate burst of speed. Her prow had drawn up along her rival's side. Pamela could see another girl, on the other deck, jumping up and down with the excitement, and then she knew that she was jumping up and down, too, and that Aunt was twisting a handkerchief to pieces between her hands, and that people, men and women, were shouting, "Go it, *Prairie Belle*! Go it! Go it!"

And like a horse urged on, the *Prairie Belle* struggled forward. She was driving ahead almost prow to prow with the *Susy B.*, and a burst of clapping and shouting came from her partisans on the shore, when a miracle happened. Using some last reserve of power, the *Susy B.* shook off her rival. Panting, shaking, belching out a pall of smoke, she drew ahead and turned in for her landing, uttering

a whistle like a shriek of triumph, while a yell of applause greeted her from her friends on shore.

The *Prairie Belle* passed her, on her way to her own landing, with a toot of defiance, and Mr. Lemming, the pilot, leaned out of a window of the pilot house to call to the other pilot, "Best two out of three, Bill! We'll get you next run, sure."

But the *Prairie Belle* had been beaten, beaten before the eyes of half Saint Louis. Pamela should have been brokenhearted. She was surprised to find herself skipping as she hurried off after Aunt to do their belated packing.

"Do you know, Aunt, I'm glad the *Susy B.* won?" she said, astonished.

Aunt stopped and looked at her, astonished, too. "Why?" she asked.

Pamela wrinkled her brow under its smooth bang. "I don't know exactly. Is it because it's so horrid to be overtaken? When anything's hunted, I always hope it will escape—and the *Susy B.* was like a hunted thing, wasn't it? I feel as though it had escaped, and I can't help feeling glad."

Aunt smiled a smile that was very like Pamela's. "When I stop to think about it," she said, "I find that I feel glad, too."

Just then Pamela's glance went out of the window to the quay where the passengers of the *Susy B.* were already streaming past. Suddenly she gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, I never! There's the gypsy caravan! They must have been on the *Susy B.* all the time. And that's my gypsy driving. Excuse me, Aunt! I've got to run out on deck to wave!"

She ran off, her skirts flying.

The gypsy girl must have been looking for her, though she didn't seem to have turned her head, for at the first wave of Pamela's handkerchief from the rail of the *Prairie Belle*, there was an answer from the gypsy cart. A brown hand was lifted for a moment, the bracelets falling back from the narrow wrist, and though the horse never slackened its pace, for a moment a face was turned toward Pamela and the teasing, wheedling lips moved as though they were saying, "You see? Isn't it just the way I said it would happen?"

## JEWELS for QUEENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

it was placed in the coronation crown. Once Marie Antoinette wore it as a brooch with which she fastened dashing white ostrich plumes to a large black hat. Napoleon set the gem between the teeth of a crocodile in the hilt of his state sword. Several times the Regent was pawned to raise funds for the government, but always it was redeemed and returned to the French treasury. The adventures of the Regent, however, were by no means finished, but were to be associated with another historic diamond under highly dramatic circumstances.

Among the great stones in the French treasury was a diamond which Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, had worn as a pendant. This fifteenth century warrior loved to adorn himself with jewels. Not only did he go into battle laden with gems, but his royal tent had window casements of gold and rich velvet draperies, heavily embroidered with pearls.

Charles was defeated and killed at Nancy, and these treasures became spoils of war. Villagers and soldiers cut up his splendid tent like calico on the counter of a village shop. An ignorant soldier found an ornate box containing a large diamond pendant surrounded with pearls and balas rubies. The soldier fancied the box, but he thought the ornament was paste so he tossed it under a wagon. Later it occurred to him that no worthless bauble would deserve such a beautiful box, so he returned, searched the ground, and found the pendant. Then he sold it to a magistrate for three francs!

Many years later the stone came into the hands of the Seigneur de Sancy, finance minister of France. When the nation went in debt and could not raise money to enlarge the army, Sancy offered the jewel as a pledge for necessary funds to be furnished by the bankers of Metz. He gave the diamond to a trusted

(Continued on page 32)



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## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

KANNAPOLIS, NORTH CAROLINA: What I am about to tell you is a little out of season, but I think you would like to know about it. Last Christmas our Girl Scout troop wanted to do something for some one and we knew that other organizations would help the poor. So we thought and thought, and finally our leader asked us if we would like to visit an orphanage. Of course everyone was for it a hundred per cent.

We planned to go on Christmas Eve to an orphanage about thirty-five miles away. When we arrived, all the girls were there waiting with smiles, as happy as if Santa Claus had come himself. They were really glad to see us and, of course, we were glad to see them. We played games and after that we had the presents given out. I've never been so happy in all my life as I was then. Just to see all those girls happy made me happy, too.

When we had to leave I felt as if I was going to cry, but I didn't. All the girls in our troop took the names of the girls up there and are writing to them.

We heard a few months ago that the orphanage has two Girl Scout troops there now. We were glad to hear that.

Evelyn Alexander

## A WIDE-AWAKE TROOP

WARSAW, NORTH CAROLINA: In the October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL I read a letter in which the writer said that she had a cousin who lives in North Carolina, and that her cousin wanted to join the Girl Scouts but could not because there was no Girl Scout troop there.

I do not know whether the writer meant that there were no Girl Scouts in just one section of North Carolina, or whether she meant that there were no Girl Scouts in the entire State of North Carolina. If the latter, she is mistaken for there are Girl Scouts in North Carolina—and they are wide awake, too.

During the Third War Loan Drive, the Warsaw Girl Scouts sold more bonds than any other organization in Warsaw. We went over the top with more than twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds. Several prizes were given for the largest amount of bonds sold in Warsaw, and I am proud to say that the Warsaw Girl Scouts won the first prize which was seventy-five dollars. We immediately gave fifty dollars of this to the War Relief Fund.

So if anyone says there are no Girl Scouts

in North Carolina, they had better think again.

But now a word for THE AMERICAN GIRL. I have been a Girl Scout for five years, but this is the first year that I have taken the magazine. If I had known what I was missing, I would have subscribed sooner. THE AMERICAN GIRL is simply swell—it is my favorite magazine—and I am proud that it is published by the Girl Scouts.

Peggy Steed

## THOSE DOWNING GIRLS

BOZEMAN, MONTANA: Yesterday when I was browsing around at the library, not looking for any book in particular, I came across one titled *Lucy Ellen*, by Frances Fitzpatrick Wright. I was certain I was familiar with Lucy Ellen—and, sure enough, it said, "THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine printed a slightly different version of the Lucy Ellen stories."

Say, why didn't you tell us there was a whole book of Lucy Ellen? If there's one character I love, it's Lucy Ellen, she's so real! Please tell Mrs. Wright to keep on writing and writing about Lucy Ellen. And if she runs out of stories about her, why doesn't she start writing about Pat, Lucy's sister? She's about thirteen or fourteen, isn't she?

Clare Belshaw

## "SPEECH! SPEECH!"

PATERSON, WASHINGTON: We have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine for about nine months and we like it very much. "Meet the Malones" and stories about Bobo are my favorites. I used to give our magazine to a friend to read and she liked it so well that she also subscribed to it.

Next year I will be in Freshman High and I am going to be a Girl Scout. I love to go on camping trips.

"Speech! Speech!" was a very good article. It has made me feel like getting up in front of a class. I am really nervous when I get up before a crowd. I hardly know what I will do when I get in High School.

Beth Alexander

## SACAJAWEA

PASCO, WASHINGTON: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years, and I think it is superlative. My mother is second leader of my troop. I am thirteen and have been a Scout for two years.

# A penny for your thoughts



I read the article on Sacajawea, in the October issue. I have learned lots about her and about Lewis and Clark, for I live five miles out of Pasco, Washington. One half mile from my home is the Sacajawea State Park. At this point the Snake River meets the Columbia, and Lewis and Clark landed at this place in 1805. The park has a museum, monuments, shady trees, tables, benches, and cook houses scattered across the nice green lawns.

I have enjoyed your stories about Bobo, Lofty and Bushy, and Lucy Ellen—and especially *Meet the Malones*.

Billee Konizeski

## FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND

YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND: I want to say how much I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL, which is sent to me by my sister-to-be who lives in Dallas.

I am twelve years old and go to the Grammar School. I am fond of hockey, net-ball, swimming, and tennis. My favorite sport is hockey and I am going to be centre forward for my house.

In the September number of the magazine I enjoyed the article about Lillian Moller Gilbreth. I also enjoy reading *Meet the Malones*.

For my summer holidays I stay in a caravan, but I have never slept under canvas. When I am fourteen I will join the Girl's Training Corps and then I will sleep under canvas.

I am not a Guide (the equivalent of a Girl Scout) but I thought you might be interested to hear that an English girl reads and likes your magazine.

Sheila Fortesith

## GREAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE LIVED

CAVOUR, SOUTH DAKOTA: THE AMERICAN GIRL is a perfect magazine. It offers such good reading material, and the jokes are really funny. My favorite character is Lucy Ellen.

I am thirteen years old, and am in the eighth grade. My hobby is collecting poetry, and the poems in this magazine are some of the best of my collection. Another favorite pastime of mine is collecting pictures of great people who have lived. THE AMERICAN GIRL also helps me out a lot in this.

Before I sign off, I want to say that I certainly agree with Marilyn, who wrote that she wished we could "have an article on how to be popular."

Dolores Walton

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

# FAVORITE SOUP RECIPES



By HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS



**SOUPS**, like clothes, may be chosen to fit the occasion. A bouillon, or consommé, for instance, is a perfect beginning for a formal dinner, or a heavy meal; the cream soups have long been favorites for luncheons; and chowders, old-fashioned vegetable soup, and soups made from dried peas and beans are just the ticket for lunches and family suppers.

We will start with two recipes from the first group. Bouillon is always made from beef stock, while consommé may contain chicken, veal, or lamb stock.

## BOUILLON

2 lbs. beef soup meat Marrow (from bone)  
1 lb. beef soup bone or other fat  
3 quarts of cold water 2 teaspoons salt  
1 cup chopped onion 1 teaspoon pepper  
1/3 cup diced carrots corns  
1/3 cup sliced celery

Cut the meat into cubes, and brown about half of it in the marrow, or fat. (Use a large kettle.) Add the rest of the meat, bone, and cold water. Bring to the boiling point, remove the scum, and simmer over a very low fire for 3 to 5 hours. Add the vegetables and seasonings, cook one hour longer, and strain.

Pour into jars and let cool uncovered. When cold, a layer of fat will have risen to seal the top. Put a cover on the jars and store in the refrigerator. When you are ready to serve the bouillon, run a knife around the edge of the jar and remove the cake of fat.

## CHICKEN BROTH

1 four-pound fowl 1 chopped onion  
6 cups cold water 1 teaspoon salt  
1 or 2 carrots Pepper to taste  
1 or 2 stalks celery 1 sprig parsley

Cut the wings and legs from the fowl, separate the breast from the back, and wipe all pieces with a damp, clean cloth. Put all ingredients except the breast into a kettle with cold water and seasonings. Bring to the boiling point, add the breast, and let simmer over a low fire until tender. Strain off the broth and cool. When ready to serve, lift off the top layer of fat, and heat with cooked rice or egg noodles. The rice or noodles may be cooked until tender in a separate kettle of boiling, salted water.

**NEXT** we come to the second group—the smooth, rich cream soups that are suitable for luncheons. Cream, whipped and lightly salted, makes an attractive garnish for these soups. Place a small spoonful on top of each serving.

## GREEN CORN SOUP

2 cups green corn 4 tablespoons flour  
1 stalk celery, sliced 1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 small onion, 1/2 cups cream (or  
minced top milk)  
3 cups hot milk 1/4 cup toasted  
Dash of pepper almonds, chopped  
4 tablespoons butter

First put the 3 cups of milk on to heat in the top of a double boiler, over boiling water. While milk is heating, take a sharp knife and cut enough green corn from the cob to meas-

ure 2 cups. Add it to the hot milk, along with the celery and onion. Add the pepper, cover and cook for about a half hour. Remove from the stove, and press the mixture through a sieve.

In a separate saucepan melt the butter, and thoroughly blend in the flour and salt. Then add slowly, a bit at a time and stirring after each addition, the hot corn mixture. When thickened and thoroughly blended, return to the double boiler and cook for five minutes more. Add the cream and chopped almonds and serve hot.

## CREAM OF CARROT AND OLIVE SOUP

2 cups grated carrots 4 tablespoons butter  
1 slice of onion, finely minced 1/2 cup pitted, sliced  
1/2 teaspoon salt ripe olives (or  
3 cups boiling water small can sliced  
1 1/2 cups rich milk or olives)  
cream 6 tablespoons flour

Add the grated carrots, minced onion, and salt to the boiling water, and cook until vegetables are just tender.

In a separate saucepan melt the butter, and blend in the flour. Add the hot carrot liquid, a little at a time, stirring after each addition. Simmer for 3 minutes over a low fire, then stir in the milk and olives. Serve hot, garnish with parsley.

## SPECIAL CREAM SOUP

1 cup sliced carrots 1/2 cup chopped onion  
1 cup thinly sliced 2 cups diced  
celery potatoes

Put the four vegetables into a pan, cover with hot water, and cook until tender (20 to 30 minutes). Drain, and save the liquid left with the vegetables; when the vegetables are cool, force them through a sieve.

Make a white sauce of the following ingredients:

4 tablespoons 1 teaspoon salt  
butter 4 cups vegetable  
4 tablespoon flour liquid and milk

Melt butter in a large pan, then rub flour in thoroughly. Measure the vegetable liquid left from the strained vegetables, add enough milk to make 4 cups, and heat. Slowly add this hot liquid to the flour and butter mixture, stirring thoroughly after each addition until smooth. Add salt, and cook about fifteen minutes in the top of a double boiler, over boiling water. Now add the vegetable pulp, heat, and serve with a dash of paprika on each serving.

## CREAM OF ASPARAGUS AND CHEESE SOUP

2 pounds asparagus Cheese  
tips 1 recipe for white  
1 1/2 cups hot water sauce (above)

Wash asparagus tips and cook until tender in the hot water. Save out a few tip ends for garnishing, and rub the rest through a strainer, after draining off the liquid.

Add the asparagus liquid to the milk, make the same kind of a white sauce as given in the recipe above. When sauce is

(Continued on page 31)



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# WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?



This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

## Excellent

**GUADALCANAL DIARY.** This is another splendid re-creation of an actual engagement of the present war, the taking of Henderson Field and ousting of the Japs from Guadalcanal Island. The hazards of jungle fighting and the fine spirit of the men in meeting them are eloquently expressed. Without overdoing personal drama, the film acquaints us with a number of Marines—you'll like them. The cast includes such grand reliables as William Bendix, Anthony Quinn, Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster. (Fox)

**HAPPY LAND.** Don Ameche continues to add to his stature as an actor in his playing of the bereaved father in MacKinlay Kantor's novel. Although the rôle is a passive one—the real story is the son's (Richard Crane) life up to his untimely death in the Pacific—Ameche conveys without sentimentality a father's deep love for his son and his pride in the lad's growth from babyhood, through appealing boyhood, into his "right hand man" in the family drugstore. The thesis of the film is that a country which makes possible such a happy, healthy boyhood as his son enjoyed is worth fighting and dying for if necessary. This is admirably documented on the screen—all the details shown of childhood play, school, Scouting, church, courting, are recognizable, especially the physical appearance of the Iowa community. The film should not be missed—it will evoke pleasant and proud memories for every American. (20th C-Fox)

**HIS BUTLER'S SISTER.** Deanna Durbin is again in this film the glowing, lovely young woman she gave promise of being in her girlhood pictures. Mistaken attempts at over-glamorizing in her first grown-up rôles are forgiven, now that the real Deanna is back! This is doubly fortunate because her present story would scarcely hold one's interest without the star's charm and her finished singing. Deanna's a Mid-West songstress seeking a stage career in New York, where her half brother (Pat O'Brien), whom she had thought a wealthy man because he had paid for her education, turns out to be a butler. His gentleman, however, is none other than a famous composer (Franchot Tone) so Deanna, much against her brother's wishes (since keeping aspiring singers out of his employer's way is one of his main responsibilities) insists on staying on as a maid in the hope of having the composer hear her sing. This is cleverly postponed until the end, though Deanna gives him every opportunity to hear her! An amusing sub-plot is Deanna's courtship by all the other butlers in the apartment house. (Univ.)

**LOST ANGEL.** The remarkable acting talents of Margaret O'Brien make a moving human drama out of a story that, with a less gifted child in the rôle of the regimented prodigy, might have been a mere parody on Quiz Kids in general. Adopted at birth by a group of professors who wish to experiment with a new educational method, by the age of six Margaret is proficient in several languages, including Chinese, as well as being versed in philosophy, history, mathematics, and what not. The amazing thing is, that Margaret never seems to parrot this knowledge; she is entirely convincing as an intellectual phenomenon. Then a reporter (James Craig) interviews her and, taking pity on the child because of her forced mental maturity, tells her of the magic in childhood which she is missing. That night she runs away to search for this lost magic. She is totally without fear (swore one, as the film admits, for her education) and her intelligence makes her realize that the fun she finds in the outside world is pleasant but not her most important discovery—that, she tells us in a scene that brings tears, is loving someone as she does the reporter and his girl (Marsha Hunt). The way Margaret sees through sham—"That isn't intelligent," is her comment on many of the antics of grownups—makes for rich comedy, and her awakening to affection gives the film a wonderful tenderness. (MGM)

**MADAME CURIE.** The nobility which shone in Marie Curie's face is reflected in every sequence of this truly beautiful film biography. Greer Garson



LEFT: FROM "LOST ANGEL" WITH MARGARET O'BRIEN AND JAMES CRAIG. BELOW: A SCENE FROM "HAPPY LAND" WITH ANN RUTHERFORD



FROM THE FILM, "MADAME CURIE"

is Madame Curie, the gifted scientist, the superior and detached intellect—and yet at the same time, the woman, so unaware of her own charm that it radiates as effortlessly as the new element which she and her husband discovered. The film is really a double biography, for Walter Pidgeon gives Pierre Curie the strength of character and gentleness of spirit which Eve Curie attested to, in writing of her father. Moreover, no biographical film since *Dr. Ehrlich and Pasteur* has done so much to illuminate the methods of science for the layman, and to make them thrilling and dramatic. One shares the long fight to reduce tons of pitchblende, through years of toil, to a strain on a saucer, which was radium. Though romance is never stressed, the film is as much a love story as it is exciting adventure in scientific discovery. Such a union of great minds and splendid souls is a high mark in human experience—to recognize it on the screen is in turn an ennobling experience for the audience. (MGM)

**NORTH STAR, THE.** The interesting thesis of this very human film about a Russian village overrun by the Germans is that the Russian people are very much like ourselves. Except for their costumes and the type of houses they live in, the villagers in the early scenes of the film are preoccupied with much the same activities an American rural community would be concerned with in late June. It is the last day of school, scholarships are awarded, there's a speech by the schoolmaster. The old doctor works the night through on a book he is writing—governments may change but his is the life of the mind. Parents laugh with their children, and the young people, after the manner of youth everywhere, feel affectionately superior to their elders. The next day neighbors gather to help load produce in box cars and are feasted in the evening, with singing and dancing—like threshing in Iowa, or a roundup in the far West. A handful of young friends can scarcely wait for the morrow because they are starting at dawn on a hiking trip to Kiev—their first journey to a city. One of the girls shares her fiancé's spirit of dedication to their country, the other longs for more romance than she finds in their present mode of life. It is on their second day out that they suddenly hear planes in the distance, then see bombs explode a mile away. War has come—and before they can tumble into a ditch, the planes are overhead and it is they the guns are aimed at. Back in the village, the planes swoop low and children are killed at play. There are a few hours now before the Nazis can arrive by truck and motorcycle. In that interval the people show their mettle. Following radio orders, the able-bodied men take to the hills to carry on as guerrillas. The women and children are left behind to burn their homes, the food, anything of use to the enemy. The film carries two main

threads of story—how the young people caught on the road manage to get a truckload of guns through the advancing German lines to the guerrillas in the hills; and how, when the Germans establish a hospital in their village and take blood from the children to build up their blood bank, the guerrillas rescue them by retaking the village and destroying the Nazi garrison. The film is simple and moving, the people as courageous and recognizable as the characters in *The Human Comedy*, or *Mrs. Miniver*. The acting is uniformly good—Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, are a few of the names but there are no featured roles. (RKO)

## Good

**IRON MAJOR.** The life of Major Frank Cavanaugh, famous football coach, is a richly American saga of a fighting spirit, brought to life on the screen by Pat O'Brien. The first World War and football furnish the dramatic highlights, but the devoted family life of Cavanaugh and his wife (Ruth Warrick) and their many children is the part you will remember. (RKO)

**JACK LONDON.** This biography of one of America's most forceful writers is of timely interest because of London's adventurous coverage of the Russo-Japanese war. His conviction that Japan was set for world conquest was dismissed as preposterous by the majority of Americans. Michael O'Shea is good as London and Susan Hayward delightful as Charmian McKittick. (U.A.)

**NO TIME FOR LOVE.** Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are well matched in one of those sparring romances between an intellectual young woman and a brawny worker, this time a member of a sandhog crew tunneling the Hudson. Miss Colbert is an arty photographer on a magazine assignment to picture men and muscles underground. Attracted in spite of herself by MacMurray's super muscles, she attempts to rid herself of her infatuation by showing up his supposed lack of mental equipment. She is tripped up by her superficial standards when he outshines her friends in every clash of wits and turns out to be an engineer. Played with relish, plotted with originality, and keeping on the side of good taste in its sophistication, this is a genuinely amusing light comedy. (Para.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

## Excellent

**HAPPY LAND**  
**HIS BUTLER'S SISTER**  
**LOST ANGEL**  
**MADAME CURIE**

## Good

**IRON MAJOR**

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-EIGHTEEN heading

## FAVORITE RECIPES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

cooked, stir in the asparagus pulp and add more seasoning to taste. Heat, add the saved tip-ends, and serve in hot bowls. Sprinkle grated cheese over each serving.

AND now for the hearty soups that may be served as a main course for an informal meal! An old-fashioned vegetable soup, made with a soup-bone for flavor, is a favorite with almost everyone.

## OLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE SOUP

- |                        |                           |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 pounds beef soupbone | 2 teaspoons salt          |
| 3 quarts cold water    | 1 cup minced onion        |
| 1 cup sliced celery    | 1 cup carrot strips       |
| 1 cup diced potato     | 1 cup fresh peas or limas |

Put soupbone in a large kettle, add salt and cold water, and bring to a boil. Skim, and let simmer 5 hours. Remove soupbone, add prepared vegetables, and simmer until tender. If desired, 1 pint of cooked fresh or canned tomatoes may be added just before serving.

## SHORT RIB SOUP, WITH DUMPLINGS

- |                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 pounds short ribs of beef | 1/2 cup carrot sticks |
| 2 teaspoons salt            | 1/2 cup sliced celery |
| 2 quarts water              | 1/2 cup chopped onion |
| 1 small green pepper, cut   | 1/2 cup turnip sticks |

Wipe short ribs with a damp cloth and cut off any excess fat. Put a little shortening in the bottom of a wide, heavy kettle, with a tight-fitting lid. When shortening is hot, brown the short ribs on all sides and add salt and water. Simmer gently for three hours, or until meat is tender.

Remove cooked short ribs and strain the broth back into the kettle. Add the cut-up vegetables to the broth and simmer one-half hour. Remove the meat from the bone and any tough connective tissue, and cut across the grain into small cubes. These meat cubes may be added to the vegetables.

When vegetables are almost tender, mix the dumplings:

## DUMPLINGS

- |                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 1/2 cups sifted flour   | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 3/4 cup milk    |

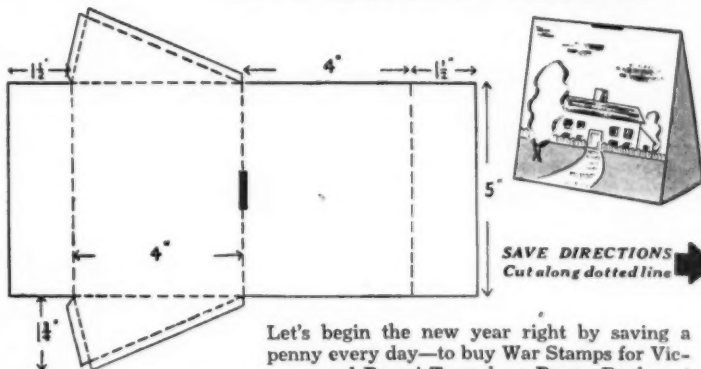
Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together, into a large bowl. When soup is ready, pour the milk into the dry ingredients, and mix with a fork just long enough to wet the flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto the boiling soup, dipping the spoon into the soup before spooning up each lump of dough. Cover the kettle tightly and boil gently for 15 to 20 minutes—without lifting the cover. Serve immediately.

## OYSTER STEW

- |                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1 pint oysters       | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 4 tablespoons butter | 1 quart rich milk |

Pick over oysters to remove any stray bits of shell, and strain the oyster liquor into a saucepan. Add oysters, butter, and salt, and simmer until the oysters begin to curl up their edges. Heat the milk in a separate saucepan, and bring to simmering point. Turn the contents of both saucepans together, off the stove; add pepper to taste and serve immediately.

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## CLAM CHOWDER

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1 quart shucked clams (or 2 dozen clams) | 1 cup diced potatoes          |
| 4 tablespoons salt pork                  | 1 pint milk                   |
| 1 onion, chopped                         | 1/2 teaspoon salt             |
| 2 tablespoons flour                      | Parsley (minced, for garnish) |

Drain the clams from the liquor, remove any stray bits of shell, and chop or grind them fine. Strain the clam liquor through cheesecloth or a very fine strainer to strain out any bits of shell.

(If you are using whole clams, scrub well with several changes of water. Put in a kettle with 1 cup cold water, cover tightly, and steam until shells are well opened. Remove clams from shells, and continue as above.)

Slowly brown the finely-diced salt pork in a skillet. When crisp, remove the pork and add the chopped onion. When onion begins to turn yellow, put in a large kettle with the clam liquor, and add the fried salt pork and the potatoes. Simmer about 20 minutes.

Pour a little of the milk into a small bowl, add the flour, and blend smoothly with an egg beater. Pour this thickener into the soup kettle, stirring constantly, and boil until flour is thoroughly cooked. Add the rest of the milk, the salt, and the chopped clams. Simmer about three minutes over a low fire and serve, garnished with minced parsley.

## FISH CHOWDER

- |                      |  |
|----------------------|--|
| 1/4 pound salt pork  | 1 quart diced and boned fish (cod, sea bass, or haddock) |
| 1 quart diced onions |  |
| Salt and pepper      |  |

- |                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 quart diced potatoes | 1/4 pound butter        |
|                        | 1 quart milk            |
|                        | 2 dozen salted crackers |

Cut salt pork into small cubes, and brown slowly in the bottom of a large kettle. Add onions, potatoes, and fish, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put just enough water in the kettle to cover all the ingredients, and simmer gently 1/2 hour. Add the butter, milk, and crumbled crackers, and bring almost to a boil. Add more salt to taste and serve it steaming hot.

## BLACK BEAN SOUP

- |                                  |                    |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups dried navy or black beans | 1 tablespoon flour |
| 1/2 pound salt pork              | 1/4 cup water      |
| 2 medium onions                  | Dash of pepper     |
| 1 cup chopped celery             | Salt, to taste     |
| Sliced lemon                     | Grated cheese      |

Wash the beans, and soak for 6 hours, or overnight, in 2 quarts cold water. Just before cooking, add 2 more quarts of water, salt pork in one piece, onion and celery. Cook 1/2 hour, or until beans are tender, then remove the salt pork and run the remainder of the soup through a vegetable press or sieve. Add the salt pork which has been diced in small cubes, and heat to boiling. Beat flour into 1/4 cup water with a rotary egg beater, and stir this thickener into the hot soup. Stir until flour is well cooked, add more seasoning to taste, and serve hot with a sprinkling of grated cheese for each serving. Grated, hard-boiled egg and a slice of lemon may be substituted for the cheese.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

messenger to deliver, but thieves overtook the man and murdered him. A Swiss priest found the body and buried it in a country churchyard.

There was no trace of the jewel, but when Sancy learned of the burial of his servant he was greatly relieved.

"My diamond is not lost," he said. "Exhume the body and we shall find the stone. I charged my man, if waylaid, to swallow the gem."

As he anticipated, the Sancy Diamond was found in the messenger's stomach. Not long thereafter the gem was sold to Queen Elizabeth of England, but France later bought it back and placed it with the Regent Diamond and other royal treasures in the Garde Meuble in Paris.

One September night, during the French Revolution, a guard patrolling the outside of that building thought he saw a light flicker on a colonnade. Upon investigating, he discovered a man clinging to a rope which hung near a lantern. Another man, his hands and pockets filled with jewelry, was sliding down from above. When he saw the guard he lost his grip and fell to the pavement. Nevertheless both thieves escaped and were not heard of again. They had got away with both the Regent and the Sancy diamonds.

Because the stones were so well known, it was impossible for the thieves to attempt to sell them. Three months later, the Sancy was

## JEWELS for QUEENS

found in a ditch, and in the following year the Regent was discovered in a hole in the timbers of a garret over a cabaret. The Sancy was sold to meet military expenses; it disappeared for some time, but in recent years it has been in the royal treasury of the Maharajah of Patiala, in the Punjab.

One of the gems never recovered after the robbery of the Garde Meuble was a sixty-seven carat blue diamond brought from India by Jules Tavernier, a famous medieval jeweler, who sold it to Louis XIV of France. Louis wore it in the center of an ornament known as the Golden Fleece.

In 1830 two smaller blue diamonds mysteriously appeared in the jewel markets of Europe, and one of them was purchased by Sir Thomas Hope of London. This stone is now owned by Mrs. Edward McLean of Washington and is probably the best known gem in the United States.

Blue diamonds are extremely rare, but the blue sapphires have long figured in romance. In the seventh century, a Visigothic king of Spain hid his sapphire-studded crown in a vault to keep it from the Saracen invaders. Hundreds of years later, a Spanish peasant found it while plowing his field.

The most celebrated sapphire is set in the cross on Great Britain's crown of state. In the eleventh century it belonged to Edward the Confessor, in whose reign Westminster Abbey was built. When the king died, he was buried

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

in the Abbey with the great stone in his hand. A thief broke into the tomb and stole the gem, which remained lost for hundreds of years until it came to light again in the seventeen hundreds.

Sapphires and rubies are closely related, both being hard corundum crystals. But the world's most famous "ruby" is not a precious stone at all.

In the center of the Maltese cross on the British crown is set the great *Black Prince* ruby, which Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, sent to Henry V of England in gratitude for the loan of British troops during a war. The Spanish king supposed this magnificent red jewel to have been some Oriental ruler's priceless ornament, and Henry wore it in his helmet at the decisive battle of Agincourt, and later had it set in the royal crown. But to-day this greatly treasured and historic stone has an actual inventory value of twenty dollars. Experts know that it is not a true ruby, but a spinel or balas ruby, which any ordinary citizen could afford to own.

After all, the lure of gems has always been based upon their beauty; and the *Black Prince* could have enjoyed his red jewel no more if it had been one of the pigeon-blood rubies of the kings of Burma. And in any case, all gems—as we said at the beginning of this article—in the end are no more than bright and charming pebbles.

## FLYING FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES

foreign skies. All this prepares them for the exciting and exhausting work which lies ahead.

Then, too, there are certain routine subjects which a nurse must study, such as military customs and courtesy, care of clothing and equipment, accounting and record keeping for clothing and supplies.

The girls have an hour of physical training a day, consisting of a half-hour of calisthenics and a half-hour of drill. They take their drilling seriously, too. If a sudden rain comes up while the nurses are drilling, they keep their ranks and continue their drilling in the downpour until the drill period is up. This is only a single example of the rigid military discipline under which they train. They take part in a review twice a week, and there is also a parade now and then.

What do the nurses do in their spare time? There just isn't any spare time. These nurses are desperately needed on the battlefronts of the world, and they must be rushed through their training with all possible speed in order that they may begin serving in the great mercy work of Air Evacuation at the very earliest moment. The girls realize this, and even the ones who relax a moment or two in the chromium-and-red leather chairs of the recreation building look very serious.

It is here that they come, too, on their one morning off a month, to have their hair done in the Post beauty parlor.

Any odd hours which the nurses may have are used to get in the eighteen hours of flying required before graduation. Flying is an old story to those nurses who were formerly airline stewardesses, and their calmness serves to inspire confidence in those girls to whom flying is a new experience. And even the girls

in white blouses and dark blue slacks, who run along the edge of Bowman Field flying kites, are not playing. They are learning, in deadly earnest, how to get a radio aerial up into the air, in case of a forced landing somewhere in the wilderness.

Having completed her work as a student, a flight nurse next becomes a teacher. She instructs enlisted men in medical and surgical procedure. The nurse is a lieutenant, and it is wholly possible that under combat conditions she may be responsible for an entire unit. Therefore she must conduct herself in a dignified and businesslike manner which will inspire respect in the men working for her.

At the first graduation of the Air Evacuation group, which took place as recently as February 18, 1943, Brigadier General David N. W. Grant, Army Air Forces surgeon who planned the Army Air Forces air evacuation service, delivered the graduation address. At the second graduation, because of bad weather the nurses held their graduation parade in one of the big hangars. As soon as graduation is over, the units depart for foreign service under sealed and secret orders.

All members of the Army Nurse Corps are issued the same uniforms. In addition, the flight nurses are issued flying suits and equipment similar to that issued to pilots on active duty. Their unofficial insignia consists of two bees carrying a stretcher.

But now to get back to our young nurse and her plane-load of wounded men. She and the surgical technician are busy making the patients comfortable. Back toward the tail of the plane is the ambulance chest, which is no bigger than a suitcase. Out of this chest come bandages, medications, and drugs for the relief of pain. There is an oxygen tank

aboard, and equipment for administering blood plasma. The nurse is absolutely on her own. There is no doctor aboard to be consulted. It is up to her to make the decision if there is need to administer a stimulant or sedative, to arrest a hemorrhage, or to treat a patient for shock.

Besides giving emergency treatment, the nurse makes a regular check of pulse and temperature, and keeps an accurate record of the condition of each patient. She must remember what she has learned of aviation medicine, and recall which dosages must be increased, which decreased at high altitudes. If the wounded soldiers become chilled in the thin upper atmosphere, the nurse and technician pass out chemically heated pads, and prepare hot drinks on the little heating unit which is part of the flying hospital's equipment. Should the condition of one of the patients become particularly serious, the nurse calls the pilot on the intercom phone, and requests him to radio ahead to the next refueling station, where a flight surgeon will be on hand to care for the patient when the plane lands.

Sometimes the girl in the rear of the plane is a former airline stewardess, and the pilot up front is the very one with whom she once flew on a commercial airliner, back in the peaceful United States.

Now the plane comes down at a refueling station. The flight surgeon climbs aboard and checks the condition of each patient. He prescribes treatment, where needed, for the next lap of the trip. Then he leaves the plane, and the flying hospital takes off once more in charge of the flight nurse and technician. At last, the plane comes down near the hospital.

(Continued on page 34)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17





## Lough and Grow Scout

### Don't Do It!

A fond mother wrote to her son in the Army, "I hope you have learned to get up punctually every morning, so you won't keep the whole battalion waiting for breakfast."—Sent by MARY JO SMITH, W'yming, Illinois.

### Touché

A farmer's son, home for the holidays, seemed to take pride in using his newly acquired college slang. At the breakfast table he called out, "Mother, chase the cow down this way!"

Mother was equal to the occasion and remarked to her husband, "Give the calf some milk. Don't you hear him bawling for it?"—Sent by GRACE E. MINSON, Uncasville, Connecticut.

### Opportunity

A cavalry recruit was instructed to bridle and saddle a horse. Ten minutes later the captain came along for his mount and found the rookie holding the bit close to the horse's head.

"What are you waiting for?" he roared.

"Until he yawns," replied the rookie with dignity.—Sent by BETTY LOU ROBINSON, Brandywine, Maryland.

### All in the Family



BILL: You raised your hat to that girl—do you know her?

JIM: No, but I'm wearing my brother's hat and he knows her.—Sent by SARA FAZZIO, Glassboro, New Jersey.

### The Prize-Winning Joke

#### Good Turn



VISITOR: Do you do a good deed every day?

GIRL SCOUT: Yes, indeed. Yesterday, I visited my aunt in the country and she was glad. Today, I came back home—and she was glad again.—Sent by DOROTHY CHAVANNES, Los Angeles, California.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Smart

"That looks like a smart dog you have there."

"Yes, sir! All I have to say is, 'Are you coming, or aren't you?' and he either comes, or he doesn't."

—Sent by CAROLYN ENGLISH, West Asheville, North Carolina.

### Economy Forecast

WIFE: I'm going shopping today, dear. What does the paper say about the weather?

HUBBY: Rain, hail, sleet, thunder and lightning! — Sent by EVELYN ZIMMERMAN, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

### Getting Tired



MARY: Why is that man yawning in the middle of his speech?

JANE: He must be listening to it.—Sent by PHYLLIS GARDNER, Silver Spring, Maryland.

### At the Hub

STREETCAR CONDUCTOR: How old are you, little girl?

SMALL BOSTONIAN: If the Corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics.—Sent by MAJORIE GRAHAM, Elmhurst, N. Y.

### Dynamic

Never was life more interesting for Grandma. She can't decide whether to stay on at the shipyard, or to play right field next season for Brooklyn.—Sent by MARGARET DAVIES, Flint 3, Michigan.

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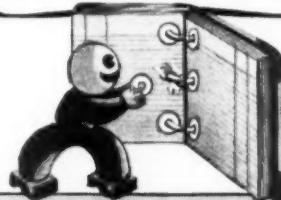
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Wouldn't you like to have nice, shiny dimes and quarters in place of those pennies and nickels tucked away in your piggy bank? You will help your country if you place the small coins back in circulation.

The United States Mint is trying to turn out all the pennies people need—but it is over-taxed now. Also, copper, a vital war material, is very scarce. See how many coppers and nickels you have in your bank and turn them in for silver. Save the silver—or better still spend it for War Stamps, or contribute it to the JULIETTE LOW INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP FUND.

## FLYING FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Ambulances are waiting to whisk away the wounded.

Now the flying nurse checks off the name of each patient from her list as his stretcher is unloaded. She turns her records over to the flight surgeon and is relieved from duty. Another flying nurse and her surgical technician are already waiting to board the plane as soon as it is emptied. They are ready to leave for the front in another cycle of troop transport and air evacuation.

How efficient these slim, plucky girls have proved to be may be gathered from the fact that, in the North African campaign and in Sicily, over twenty-five thousand patients were evacuated by air with only one death en route. Superb testimonial to the work of these nurse-technician teams!

Thus the miracle of air evacuation goes on, whether it be in the islands of the Pacific, in China, in Alaska, in Africa, in Europe. On some fronts, where roads are impassable, or where there simply aren't any roads, it is practically the only method used to get out the wounded. Air evacuation makes it unnecessary to transport trainloads of equipment, tons of supplies, and dozens of doctors and nurses to the front. And the roads to the front are always choked with troops and munitions moving forward, which makes it difficult to move hospitals close up behind the lines. But by using planes, hospitals may be well established hundreds of miles behind the lines. This very remoteness from the front lines contributes to the recovery of the patients. Air evacuation accounts for the low death rate from wounds in this war. It relieves suffering more quickly, decreases the number of men permanently disabled, and cuts down the number of fatalities. The knowledge that prompt relief will be at hand in case of emergency—and the very presence of the nurses themselves—contributes to morale. The soldiers can feel confident that everything will be done for their welfare. They know that, in case of necessity, they will be flown over continents and oceans, back to the foremost military hospitals in the United States.

Being a flight nurse is perhaps the most thrilling war job open to girls to-day. Flight nurses may be under fire at any time. There are no distinguishing red crosses on the sky trains. There were flight nurses aboard that dark night when three transports, loaded with wounded, took off from Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, with only the taillight of a jeep, a ruby pin-point in the darkness, to serve as a take-off beacon.

A flight nurse certainly sees the world. When off-duty she may look out on a street filled with Arabs, or she may try a ride on the back of an elephant somewhere in India.

Lieutenant Leora Stroup, co-ordinator of Nurses' Training at Bowman Field, is just the person to be the idol and ideal of every girl in the corps. She is trim and pink-checked, with sparkling blue eyes and a rare sense of humor. At the same time, one realizes that she is extremely efficient and just the person for her very responsible position.

Back in civilian life, Leora Stroup helped to organize the Michigan chapter of the Aerial Nurse Corps of America. The sixty nurses belonging to this organization gave their free time to drill, first aid, and the study of chemical warfare. They attended the weekly Sunday air meets, and ministered to para-

chute jumpers with broken ankles, and fliers who had been burned or otherwise injured in crashes. Miss Stroup served in the field hospital at the National Air Races at Cleveland, and also had a great deal of experience in accompanying patients to the hospital by plane. Besides, she holds a pilot's license and has four hundred hours of flying to her credit. No wonder she was selected to be on the staff of the School of Air Evacuation!

Lieutenant Ellen Church, who was the first airline stewardess flying with United Airlines on the coast-to-coast route from 1930-1932, was also one of the first flight nurses to go abroad. She had retired from stewardess work and was serving as superintendent of nurses at the Children's Hospital in Louisville, Kentucky, when the Air Evacuation Unit started training almost on her doorstep. Miss Church couldn't resist the opportunity to get back into flying. She joined the corps and was soon off to Africa for active duty.

To another former airline hostess, petite blond Lieutenant Mae Olsen, goes the honor of being the first white woman on Guadalcanal. She came in on top of a load of cargo, clad in a modish outfit consisting of a suit of khaki coveralls and a baseball cap. However, she looked mighty good to the boys who hadn't seen an American girl in months, and they cooked their last steak in her honor.

Second Lieutenant Elsie S. Ott, of St. James, Long Island, received the first United States Air Medal ever awarded to a woman. She accompanied five patients on a ten thousand mile flight over ocean and jungle from India to the United States. It was her first flight in an airplane, and it was not until after completion of her ten thousand mile trip that Lieutenant Ott began her training as an Air Evacuation nurse.

The *Good Ship Aspirin* was the name Miss Ott gave to the American bomber in which she made the trip. With the assistance of one ward-man, she cared for her patients. Of her eight months in India, working in an Army hospital established by the British, she says casually, "Temperatures of one hundred and thirty degrees do not bother you, if you eat your salt like a good girl!"

Elsie Somers, who went through Bataan, promptly joined the air evacuation nurses upon her return to this country.

When King George VI flew to North Africa recently to visit British and American troops and to confer upon General Dwight D. Eisenhower the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, four flying nurses had the honor of being presented to him. They were First Lieutenant Kathryn Grogan of Columbus, Ohio, Lieutenants Helen M. Hiskins of Bay City, Michigan, Retha Rogers of Hubbard, Iowa, and Frieda Pagels of Birch Run, Michigan—which seems to prove that, with an R.N. after her name and the magic of wings at her command, an American girl can go anywhere.

Yes, appointment with the Army Nurse Corps and assignment to the Army Air Forces seems to offer plenty in the way of excitement. Air evacuation is the perfect answer for those girls who didn't join the Army Nurse Corps "to take care of people with the measles."

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### FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY A Complete Guide to Charm

#### Part of Contents

##### SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
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9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
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14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do: fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman: how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plan! Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
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##### SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
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45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to SSC theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerrlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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